THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

"Fierce."

President Eliot, in making his report on athletics to the Overseers of Harvard University, remarks that even the students themselves describe football games as "fierce." Therefore, he says, such games are unsuited for gentlemen to engage in and for spectators to witness. This is interesting. We have often heard Harvard undergraduates describe the Harvard entrance examinations as "fierce"; and so, by a parity of reasoning, gentlemen ought not to present themselves for these examinations. We have been told at times that the fare provided in Memorial Hall is "fierce." Consequently, no gentleman ought to eat it, if President Eliot's method of ratiocination be a sound one. As a matter of fact, however, we imagine the defect to lie not so much in his reasoning as in his philology. He lives in too rarefied a linguistic atmosphere, and is probably not aware that many adjectives which he interprets in their primary sense have developed sundry ramifications of usage in the undergraduate and other dialects. To President Eliot, "fierce" connotes that which is ferocious, cruel, savage, and bloodthirsty; but by the average undergraduate it is applied with a more casual and less sanguinary significance. Thus, a bright green necktie, an imperfect recitation, and an excessive charge for a dinner at the Parker House would all be "fierce" to the artless undergraduate. We advise President Eliot to pursue his researches a little further in the direction we have indicated. By way of a preliminary tip, we may venture to inform him that "a stunning hat" is not a hat which smites its wearer into a state of unconsciousness, and that "a howling swell" does not mean a gentleman in a state of tumefaction and engaged in emitting yawps. President Butler, of Columbia, is also attacking football on the ground of its brutality; yet we fancy that he is sufficiently multilingual not to base any arguments upon the elastic use of picturesque adjectives by enthusiastic boys.

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We have received, too late for publication in this issue, a letter from Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, continuing his controversy with Professor Peck on the subject of Simplified Spelling. This letter, with a rejoinder from Professor Peck, will appear in the May number of THE BOOKMAN.

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The President and Weaklings

That Harvard speech of President Roosevelt's wherein he told those young men to play hard, but not too much, and not to forget that there are more important things than play; and on the one hand not to be cowards and weaklings and on the other hand not to be mere brutes, may, for aught we know, have been a masterpiece of political sagacity. We have noticed that whenever Mr. Roosevelt writes or talks in a

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way that reminds us of the copybook or a paraphrase of Dr. Watts's hymns or McGuffey's *Fifth Reader,* it is almost always explained in terms of political sagacity. "People like it," somebody says, and usually adds that while it does not "appeal to you and me," it is highly esteemed out West or down South or somewhere else a long way off. We have never happened to meet any one who owned to any special liking for it himself, although our acquaintance includes some of the simplest types of human life as yet known to science. No matter how plain and honest our fellow-citizen may be, he always appears somewhat blasé, and passes it on to some one else whom he believes to be still plainer. Where are these wildfolk, clad in goatskins, and possibly anthropophagous in taste, whom the mere remark that it is better to be good than bad so strangely moves? Of course we have in mind not the incidental football bearings of the President's speech, but its moral counsels. In advocating the manly virtues for men and the womanly virtues for women and the civic virtues for citizens and the homely virtues for the home, always in the most general terms, his public addresses seldom get beyond what is already involved in the dictionary definitions. The man who wrote of him,

> "His sword within its scabbard sleeps, but mercy how it snores!"

might rather have said it of his mind when snoozing on these moral rudiments, for surely there are few intellects in the country more noisy in their inactivities when virtue is the theme.

There are those who think he says these things in cold blood, following M. Le Bon's rule for crowd-propulsion (the ceaseless iteration of catchwords, simple moral sounds), and having little if any personal enthusiasm for the mother's-knee portions of his oratory. It is true, of course, that political sense is not common sense, and that a certain stage make-up is required of those who address mankind collectively. It is known, for example, that Mr. Tillman in private life is a humane and by no means irrational person, the rage and the snortings being, politically speaking, his company manners; and it may even be that there is a grown-up element in Senator Beveridge which dislikes the part of him that writes for young men. For the complexity of man often endures under senatorial disguises, and it is not necessary to believe that our political leaders are quite the mechanical toys we know in the newspapers, any more than we need to think that the men who write the leading articles for these same newspapers are quite the fly-blown moral cherubs that they seem. It is a pleasure to remember that within the strictly representative integuments of our stagey, strutting public figures, individuals are sometimes to be found.

But we shall never believe that there is any such thing as a private and personal Mr. Roosevelt. For him there is no little laughing demon of self-analysis that makes faces at his political simulacrum behind its back or drags the reluctant personal equation, covered with blushes, to the open air. No distinction for him between his own success and the triumph of righteousness or the platitude and "God's own truth," and he knows to what political party the chief end of man belongs, and he can strike a bargain with millenniums. Being the most homogeneous of men, nothing in him ever whispers, "What's the use?" and no sooner is his soul stirred by a schoolroom motto or scripture text or lines from some Pastor Wagner or mild minor bard than he puts it in a speech or message, for he thinks the country needs every bit of him, and he gives to the public what another man would throw away. So the sluggard hears about the little busy bee again, and the coward learns his duty to be brave, and the happy home is highly complimented so the wife-beater may stay his busy hand, and the bad things hear that they are worse than the good and the good that they are very desirable. But criticism of this sort has begun to seem trivial even to the dilettante class to which we ourselves belong, the cowards and the weaklings. Respect and liking have in the last two years sprung up in our shrunken and unmanly chests, and

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very different things are said about him at our tea table. His recent record has been vigorous and unconventional, if his homiletics have not. And work of that kind is not done by philosophers; nor is it ever done in perfect taste or without mistakes and inconsistencies and a large amount of self-deceit. It is done by positive natures of the up-and-doing, buzz-till-the-night-falls sort, and it is a pity not to see how necessary they are as well as how ridiculous. And though a weakling, feeling weaker still as we read his football speeches, we find him an agreeable and honourable contrast to other gentlemen in the "thick of things," world-workers, world-pushers, and the like, and to his party, and to his enemies, and especially to the judicious, who say he makes them grieve, for they seem never to be doing anything else but grieving.

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Prehistoric Romance

The appearance in book form of Jack London's prehistoric romance, *Before Adam,* recalls the recent clash of pens between its author and Stanley Waterloo, regarding its alleged indebtedness to *The Story of Ab*, which Mr. Waterloo brought out in 1897. Mr. London has several times incurred the charge of plagiarism, and his defence, to borrow a legal phrase, has always taken the form of confession and avoidance. Serenely admitting his borrowings, he has insisted that so long as the sources drawn upon were works of fact and not of fiction, he was within his rights as a creative artist. But in the case of *Before Adam* the alleged borrowing is not from a work dealing with facts, but from fiction of an unusually fantastic sort; and the superficial resemblance between the two stories, whether due to coincidence or design, is as glaringly obvious as though two neighbours on opposite sides of the same street should each paint his house pea-green with pink polka dots. A different form of answer seemed to be required, and it was promptly forthcoming. Mr. London denied in substance Mr. Waterloo's right to pre-empt any epoch of the world's development, even a prehistoric one. He had liked the fundamental idea of *The Story of Ab,* and felt that it deserved better treatment, and accordingly had written *Before Adam.*

> If you return to the proposition of similarity of treatment (he says in part), let me tell you that your story and mine are as far apart as the poles in treatment, point of view, grip, etc. Why, I wrote my story as a reply to yours, because yours was unscientific. You crammed the evolution of a thousand generations into one generation—a thing at which I revolted from the time I first read your story. This situation strikes me as very funny. Here I fall out with you because of your unscientific treatment of the primitive world and therefore write a reply, and then you say that in six weeks I took all I knew from you.

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Now, without attempting to pass upon the merits of this specific case, it does seem worth while to point out that the doctrine advanced by Mr. London, if pushed to its logical conclusion, would produce disastrous results. Any novelist who chose to think the latest story by Mr. Howells, or Mr. Kipling, or Jack London himself, unscientific, would be free to adopt the plot, correct the errors and republish the amended story to his own greater profit and glory. As for the controversy between the authors of *Before Adam* and *The Story of Ab*, if the similarity between the two books were the real point of interest, it might be worth while to argue the case pro and con, at some length, and to show how much a clever advocate could find to say on either side. It might, for instance, be alleged on the part of the plaintiff that Mr. London's frontispiece was copied bodily from Mr. Waterloo's rough chart of the lands inhabited by his cave men; that many of the names in *Before Adam* were either imitated or deliberately taken from *The Story of Ab,* as, for instance, that of Sabre-tooth, the dreaded cave-tiger; and that, to go no further than the opening chapters, the incidents of the two stories form the following close parallel: In both books there is a child playing alone upon the ground; then comes his frightened cry at the approach of a wild beast; then the fierce rush of his ape-like, tree-bred mother, her nimble upward leap, and her

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climb to safety among the overhanging branches, clasping the child close to her and shouting down in angry derision to the disappointed animal below. A special pleader for Mr. London might plausibly answer that Stanley Waterloo's rough map is confessedly based upon a geologic chart of the conjectured contour of the British Isles in the Neolithic Age, and that if he was free to copy it, so could others; that the cage-tiger was not only known as Sabre-tooth to the cave men of both these stories, but that the *Machærodont,* or Sabre-toothed Tiger, has been its accepted designation among scientists ever since the systematic study of fossils began; and that the incident of being snatched to safety from the jaws of a wild beast by a hand-over-hand scramble upon a pendent bough was as much the common experience of every prehistoric child as it is for the child of to-day to be dragged by the arm across a street in front of rushing trolley cars.

But, as a matter of fact, the real point of interest is not the similarity between Jack London's romance and the several kindred stories which he consciously or unconsciously imitated, but its divergence from them. There is nothing especially original in the idea of writing prehistoric fiction. Indeed, the impulse to tell stories of an earlier epoch, when men lived closer to nature and felt a nearer kinship to the animal world, lies at the basis of much of the earliest and most primitive myths and folk tales. With the development of the modern novel, the attempt to introduce the simple, uncultured, primordial man has been made repeatedly, and in various ways, one of the commonest devices being to portray a child born of modern educated parents, but stranded by fate or placed by design where it will grow up apart from other human beings, learning nothing beyond the teachings of instinct and harsh experience. Of this class, *Imirce,* by Dulaurens, a French conteur of the eighteenth century, in which a girl grows to maturity at the bottom of a deep well; and *Primordial,* by Morgan Robertson, in which two children are shipwrecked on a desert island, are respectively the earliest and most recent samples of this form of psychological *tour de force* that for the moment come to mind. But even the specific idea of Mr. London's book, the introduction of prehistoric man into fiction, originated neither with Mr. London nor Mr. Waterloo. Jules Verne utilised it in at least one brief episode, when he made the venturesome explorers of *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth* discover a primordial giant still surviving in a subterranean cavern, and driving a herd of mastodons through a forest of titanic ferns. But it remained for a younger generation of French writers to develop the full possibilities of the idea, and notably in the *Vamirah* of J. H. Rosny. Mr. London would probably find *Vamirah* lacking in scientific accuracy; but it has what is better, a rare charm of style, a daring sweep of thought and phrase that leaves you with a sense of having gazed down limitless vistas of by-gone ages. *Vamirah* is less a novel than a prose epic.

Mr. London is eminently correct in saying that his *Before Adam* and *The Story of Ab* are "as wide apart as the poles," but the striking difference is not that of method or of science, but rather of temperament. It is precisely the difference which any one familiar with Mr. London's work might easily have predicted. In all his stories his chief preoccupation is the physical side of man, the atavistic side, so to speak, the primordial nature that lies beneath the veneer of culture in modern man and woman. The best of his heroes delight in physical prowess; the worst revel in gratuitous cruelty. It was to be expected that in chronicling the lives of cave men he would again exaggerate the animal side. And this is precisely what he has done. *Before Adam* is less a novel of human beings than of Missing Links.

A Suggestion for "Conquest"

To the general rule that any story containing some situation or incident strikingly out of the usual will, if not too widely read in its original form, inevitably reappear in the course of years in a new dress and under a new title, and as

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the work of a new author, who may be quite innocent of any intentional plagiarism, there are occasional exceptions. For example, we have been waiting and watching for some time for the recurrence of the idea on which was based a curious French murder tale of many years ago. The title of the original story we cannot recall, but the narrative related the cunning and plausible stratagem by which Monsieur X., let us say, gained his ends and evaded the guillotine. This Monsieur X. had for many years lived happily with his wife and his wife's sister, upright and respected, and with kindliness toward all the world. One day, however, the news came that a relative of the sisters, the traditional "uncle in America" of French fiction, had died, leaving to his nieces a million francs apiece. This unexpected wealth had a terrible effect upon a man hitherto perfectly content with his lot. The idea of the million in the possession of his sister-in-law was intolerable to him, and stirred him to an anger out of which grew his scheme for getting hold of the second million to add it to the million of his wife.

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One day he called upon his family physician and made a confession. He feared, he said, that he was a victim of homicidal mania. At times he found it almost impossible to resist an inexplicable impulse to slay those nearest to him. The physician questioned and examined him closely, recommended quiet and the avoidance of excitement, and tried to calm his fears. Two weeks later Monsieur X. returned, said that the murderous impulses still recurred from time to time, and in company with the physician visited a specialist, who frankly said that the case puzzled him. With these facts established, X. went home, sat down to dinner in the best of spirits, and while in the midst of a gay and animated conversation, picked up a carving knife and plunged it into the breast of his sister-in-law. He was arrested and brought to trial. In the absence of any apparently adequate motive, and in view of the rectitude of his entire life, the evidence of the physicians whom he had consulted was overwhelming. He was sent to a *maison de santé,* where he remained a year, at the end of which he was released as being completely cured, and began life again with his wife, who, of course, had inherited the million of her sister.

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"The Crippled Hand"

It is a singular fact that while the Germans and Austrians are the most omnivorous readers of detective stories in the world, it is very seldom a genuinely good tale of that sort is written in the German language. The Teuton who wishes to be thrilled or mystified does not depend upon his literary countrymen; nor does he pretend to do so. He turns, as he always has turned, to the translations from the English and the French. There have been sold large German editions of the works of Gaboriau, Fortuné de Boisgobey, Mrs. Braddon, Conan Doyle, and Anna Katherine Green. The German "rights" have come to have a very definite meaning in the publishing world. An Englishman or an American who writes a passably good mystery story can be reasonably sure of a fair German sale if he goes about the matter in the right way. *The Hound of the Baskerville's* ran serially in a German publication simultaneously with its appearance in parts in England and in the United States, and held German readers keyed up to a high state of suspense; something which can be said of very few native productions of the kind of recent years.

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It is with these facts in mind that we are calling attention to a story of sixty or seventy thousand words which appeared a month or two ago in *Transatlantic Tales.* The story is *The Crippled Hand,* from the German of Auguste Gröner, a Viennese novelist of considerable reputation. *The Crippled Hand* possesses nearly all the elements that go to make a thoroughly rounded tale of mystery; it is well written, and it never carries the reader off on any unnecessary false scents. As briefly as possible we

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are going to indicate the beginning of the story. Dr. König, the distinguished Viennese art critic, on a journey for the purpose of visiting the great European galleries, spends a few days at the little Breton village of Concarneau, so much frequented by painters. He there finds dying a young Russian artist, whose work is of extraordinary brilliance, and suggests in the critic's mind a resemblance which he cannot place. Several little episodes heighten the mystery. The painter's betrothed snatches from Dr. König a portfolio of drawings which he is examining, and her attempt to make light of the action is not successful. Finally the critic starts for Vienna, and while on the railway train gives vent to a prolonged whistle as the solution of the enigma flashes through his mind.

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Dr. König's first day in Vienna after his return is a busy one. Late in the afternoon he writes a brief but peremptory note to some one making an appointment. In the evening he attends a dinner at which it has been planned to announce formally his betrothal to a young woman to whom he is deeply attached. During the entire evening his manner is so unusual that after he departs at eleven o'clock for the avowed purpose of going to the office of his newspaper to write his art criticism for the next day, it is the subject of general comment. The scene shifts to the emergency hospital, where two physicians are waiting to answer calls. They are discussing the uneventfulness of the night when there is a ring at the telephone. The elder physician picks up the receiver and a moment later turns with a blanched face. "Quick! Send the ambulance at once to Dr. König's house! Notify the police." He goes on to explain that the call had been from Dr. König, who had gasped out in a broken voice, "Burglars—broken in—help—for God's sake!" This last situation is curiously suggestive of a play by Antoine, which was so successful in Paris and which has had a considerable run in this country. We should like to know which, between the author of *The Crippled Hand* and the author of *At the Telephone,* owed the idea to the other.

Anatole France's Socialism

Mr. Mallock has recently disposed of socialism in a brief series of lectures; the German Emperor's trumpet blast of victory has sounded around the world; London has repudiated the theory after testing it in a mild form in practice, but the socialistic propaganda goes on, confident as ever. Its echoes are still heard in fiction, but there, too, a sobering change has come over the dream: it is a long step from *News from Nowhere, Looking Backward* and the *Traveller from Altruria* to Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Upton Sinclair and—Anatole France. He, indeed, seems the sanest of all the prophets of the new order of things to come, and it is perhaps for that reason that his brief glimpse of the future in *Sur La Pierre Blanche* has remained untranslated. Published a couple of years ago as the *feuilleton* of a Parisian socialistic paper, this tale attracted but scant notice in this country, and passed all but unperceived abroad.

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M. France began his study of the future of humanity with a parable, intended to prove that humanity never has and never will recognise the true prophets of its future, but will reject and scorn and persecute them hereafter as in the past. The young Nero is on the throne, a boy of great promise; Rome is mistress of all the known world, the *pax Romana* reigns; never has the future appeared more settled, more clear, more promising. Gallio is proconsul of Achæa, in decadent, despoiled Greece, holding his minor court in Corinth. A man of culture, a philosopher, he passes the idle days of his consulship in the discussion of many problems, among them that of the future of men and gods. He, too, holds that the course of material events is settled for many centuries to come; as for the gods, it appears to him that in all the international pantheon of the Empire the demi-god Hercules is most likely to enjoy a period of special worship. While thus holding forth, Gallio is interrupted by a call to court: once more is he disturbed to sit in judgment on one of the endless quibbles over ritual

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and theology of the Corinthian Ghetto. One Paul, also called Saul, has created a scandal in the synagogue. He is a tent-maker, speaking atrocious Greek, a man of the rabble, without culture or manners. Gallio cuts short the dispute before him; he sends them packing, these troublesome, intolerant paupers, telling them to settle it among themselves, since it is no concern of Roman law or Roman rule. He, searching the future of the world with his friends, has seen that future standing before him in human shape, and has failed to recognise it. He has been blind to the apostle of the world's first religion of the weary and the heavily laden. The moral of the parable is plain.

The third and shortest part of the book is devoted to the dream of the social system to come. M. France glides lightly over matters of material progress—flying machines, the uses of electricity. His outlook is wider. Woman, he holds, will be entirely independent of man, and do her full share of the work of the socialistic state. He even foresees the evolution of a neuter, as in the economic organisation of the bees, and this, he holds, will be a benefit to the state, since it will greatly increase the productiveness of labour, without adding to the numbers of the population. Life will be on one level, wherefore tragedy and comedy will disappear; the theatre will be lyrical, music, sculpture, and painting the favourite forms of art. Poetry will continue to flourish, but it will be a matter of beauty of form and sound rather than of thought and feeling. Discontent will not die out, wherefore there will be constant progress; the philosophical anarchist will hold forth. Incentive to crime there will be none in such a society—none, at least, to crimes against property. But there will still be emotional offences, since human nature will survive, with its jealousies, envies, and hatreds. The sum total of achievement foreseen by M. France really amounts to this: Man will not be happy, not even, it would appear, much happier than he is now, but he will be relieved of the haunting spectres of the competitive economic system—want, and the fear of want. And that, he opines, will be no small boon.

The Fielding Bicentenary

As we are somewhat early in alluding to the bicentenary of the birth of Henry Fielding, which comes on the 22d of this month, we may venture to prophesy as to what is likely to be printed about the occasion. In the first place, it is nearly a practical certainty that every English or American publication that refers to the subject at all will quote Gibbon's panegyric: "Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of *Tom Jones,* that exquisite picture of humour and manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." Then will probably follow Thackeray's endorsement to the effect that to have your name mentioned by Gibbon is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's. Pilgrims from all the world admire and behold it. Allusions will also be generally made to the unfavourable opinions of Dr. Johnson and Richardson, and to Coleridge's estimate of the morals of Tom Jones. Some of the English weeklies will perform what they will consider a duty by publishing long and imposing articles, in which will be reiterated what has been said over and over again a hundred times before; and, what is of real importance, here and there a reader will take down from the shelf of an evening *Tom Jones* or *Joseph Andrews* or *Amelia.*

All this would be quite sufficient if the author in question were, let us say, Richardson. In that case all the protestations of reverence, all the eulogy, would be, in great part, arrant humbug. We are quite right in professing for the author of *Pamela* and *Clarissa* a polite respect and a platonic admiration; his name across the backs of a dozen finely bound volumes unquestionably enhances the appearance of a library; we realise that he did much

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to brighten the lives of the innumerable young, middle-aged, and elderly ladies of his day who were always asking him to tea; that his sermon was one of practical virtue, and that his own life was one of frugality and industry. But beyond this we cannot honestly go. Richardson wrote exclusively for his own time, and that time was not ours. Here and there you will find some one who has read his books with mild enjoyment, but for every one such there are a thousand men and twenty women owing a great and genuine debt to Harry Fielding. Fielding is not and never has been an affectation. His audience to-day is, in a much smaller way, of course, comparable to the audience of Dickens, the audience of Thackeray. When you have once read him—really read him—Squire and Sophia Western, Mr. Allworthy, Joseph Andrews, Parson Adams, and Parson Trullwer, Molly Segrim and Mrs. Waters, Captain Booth and Amelia remain as familiar to you as David Copperfield, Mr. Pickwick, Alfred Jingle, Mrs. Nickleby, Squeers and Mark Tapley, or Major Pendennis, Major Dobbin, Clive Newcome and the Marquis of Steyne.

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Mr. Lawson and the Personal Equation

Mr. Lawson, Mr. Thomas Lawson, of Boston, has written a novel with the very striking title of *Friday the Thirteenth.* It is quite superfluous to say that it is a violent arraignment of the evils of "stock gambling" and the awful iniquities of what Mr. Lawson refers to as "The System." The story is very much "up-to-date." If we were asked what novelist Mr. Lawson had taken for his literary model, to whom, to use the Stevensonian phrase, he had "played the sedulous ape," we should reply without hesitation, Mr. Thomas Dixon. *Friday the Thirteenth* has exactly the qualities of a Dixon novel—the rush of narrative, the exaggeration, the top-of-the-voice effect, the frequent lapses to bathos. But without going critically into detail, there is one point, and that a very vital one, to the story about which we wish to take issue with Mr. Lawson.

If we are to believe Mr. Lawson, all that is necessary to win countless millions is to be perfectly unscrupulous, absolutely dead to any feeling of humanity, and then to go on the floor of the Stock Exchange and sell, and sell, and keep on selling until all opposition is broken and the market tumbles to a point at which stocks may be bought back at a tremendous profit. This is the method by which Bob Brownley, the hero of *Friday the Thirteenth,* builds up for himself a fortune of a billion dollars. As fiction it is unquestionably entertaining, but in real life a number of desperate men have tried the plan, with results disastrous to themselves. In theory it looks sound, but in practice there always enters the personal equation. For example, let us say that Robinson, in moderate circumstances, enters the Exchange with the intention of "bulling" the market on an immense scale, and regardless of consequences. "Jones," he cries, "buy me a thousand XYZ at 68. Smith, bid me in five thousand XYZ at 70." Jones and Smith are surprised, but perhaps comply, but when Robinson continues to raise the amount and price of his orders they become suspicious; they have been caught before, and will probably edge away with the excuse that they are wanted on the 'phone or have a very important engagement with a man over at Eberlin's. Mr. Lawson's method may be all right, but we should be reluctant to recommend it as infallible. In fiction the reverse side of the story was shown several years ago in Mr. Edwin Lefèvre's *Pike's Peak or Bust.*

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Probably Mr. Lawson's pyrotechnical style is seen at its best not in *Friday the Thirteenth,* nor in *Frenzied Finance,* but in the series of extraordinary advertisements which he has lately been inserting in the newspapers. Here is an excellent sample:

The following is published in New York because only one Boston paper would print it:

$5000 REWARD

Here is the tale, the untalcumated tale of King-Crowther, reproduced from to-day's New York *Sun.* The New York *Sun* which

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HENRY FIELDING—FROM HOGARTH'S ENGRAVING

There is a story to the effect that Hogarth made this engraving from memory

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AN UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT OF THOMAS W. LAWSON

MR. LAWSON IN HIS STUDY

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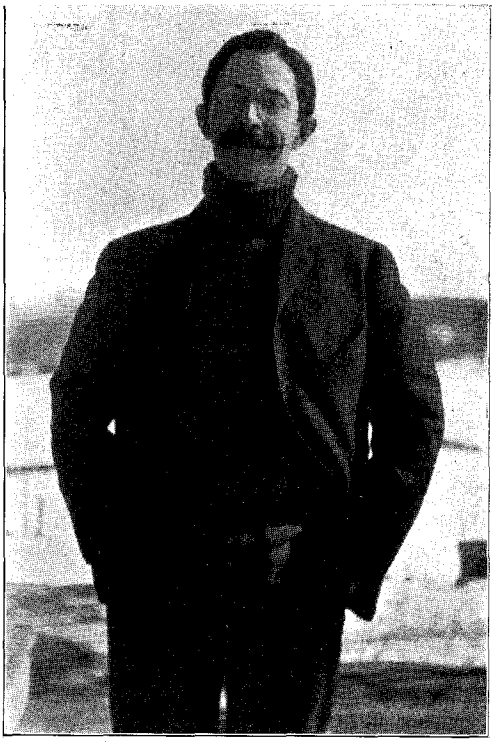
shines for all; which hands out its rays alike to the good and to the now-will-you-be-goods; which to-day focuses the tight-rope walkers of haute finance as they "on with the dance" from mountain peak to mountain peak, and to-morrow the cave-men as they toil at the forge in their efforts to brass-leaf tin whistles into double eagles of the realm.

That great daily whose proud motto is, "If you see it in the *Sun* it's so-long-skiddoo-23-times," opened wide its glim on Boston and one of its kerosenated get-rich-quick stock hatcheries to-day. The migratory effervescing effect was like unto that produced when His Royal Hooflets drops a brandy caramel upon the glowing lid of his sulphurous cooking range.

It is perhaps unnecessary to call the attention of the American people to the oft-exploited fact that the *Sun* is religiously reliable, resiliently revelating and retentively responsible. Certainly its revelation below is remarkable.

If any man, monkey, or zooglebean can show me its equal, I will pay over to him or to it the sum of $5000 and no questions asked. I will not bar from competition the late Mrs. Howe's bank or the recently passed-



A SNAPSHOT OF EDWIN LEFÈVRE

MR. LEFÈVRE'S HOME. ROCK I ROOST, NEW YORK. "J'Y SUIS, J'Y ROOST"

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THE LATE E. L. GODKIN

The *Life of E. L. Godkin*, by Rollo Ogden, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

on 520 per cent. Miller's banklet. One and all send in your applications by way of the United States Mail, plainly addressed to WILLIAM W. WHITE, not forgetting to mark same care of THOMAS W. LAWSON.

To whom it may concern

My attention having been called to an attempt upon the part of a band of professional crooks to impugn the motives of Willie White, I herewith give notice to all interested parties, including the United States Post-office authorities, that I assume full responsibility, legal and other, for all acts of said Willie White, past, present and future, including offers of rewards.

Boston, March 8, 1907.

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

❦

Edwin Lefèvre

Mr. Edwin Lefèvre, whose new novel, *Sampson Rock of Wall Street,* will be reviewed later, has long been in a position that has enabled him to get his material at first hand. For over ten years he has "covered" the Street for the *Globe* and the *Commercial Advertiser,* and in that capacity has seen every phase of the ups and downs of the world of finance during the most eventful period of our history. He professes now a belief that his *Wall Street Stories,* which had such a success at the time of their appearance, six years ago, were wrongly named, maintaining that he should have called them *Stock Exchange Stories.*

❦

In connection with Mr. Lefèvre's Wall Street experiences we recall a graphic little story concerning him and the late Frank Norris. During Mr. Norris's last year in New York the two were close friends, and it was at one time agreed between them that Mr. Lefèvre should revise the proofs of Mr. Norris's story, *The Pit,* in all the chapters relating to the wheat market, receiving due credit in the preface for his share of the work. As it turned out, they never succeeded in coming together for that purpose, and the plan was abandoned. But frequently, at Norris's request, Mr. Lefèvre explained the intricacies of stock markets, speculations, corners and the like; and one night

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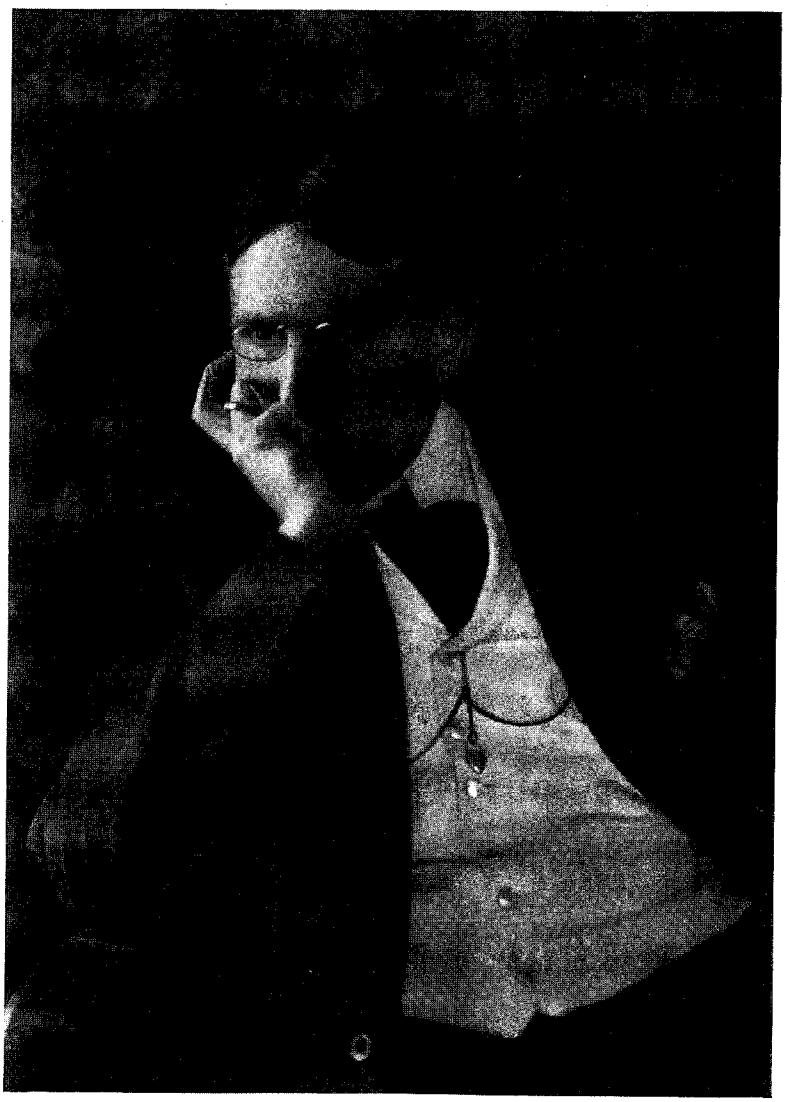
he found himself launched upon an eloquent description of a panic. He described the pandemonium reigning on the floor of the Exchange, the groups of frenzied, yelling brokers, the haggard faces of men to whom the next change of a point or two meant ruin. And then he followed one man in particular through the events of the day, and pictured him groping his way blindly out from the gallery, a broken, ruined man. So far, Mr. Lefèvre had told only what he had seen, all too often, with his own eyes. But at this point, carried away by his own story, he yielded to the temptation to fake a dramatic conclusion, and



THEODORE DREISER

Mr. Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* has been pronounced by many eminent critics an extraordinary novel. It was first issued five or six years ago, but for some mysterious reason was so quickly withdrawn that the reading public had no chance to judge it. Consequently, its forthcoming appearance will be, to all practical purposes, a first publication. Among those who expressed high admiration for the book were Hamlin Garland and Frank Norris.

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ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN, AUTHOR OF "THE WHIRLPOOL OF EUROPE"

From the painting by Herman G. Herkomer

he told how the man was still striding restlessly, aimlessly along the corridor, when the elevator shot past and some one shouted "Down!" and the ruined man, his mind still bent upon the falling market, continued his nervous striding, gesticulating fiercely and repeating audibly, "Down! down! down!" "There you are!" interrupted Mr. Norris, springing up excitedly; "there you are! That is one of those things that no novelist could invent!" And yet, adds Mr. Lefèvre in telling the story, "it was the one bit of fake in my whole description."

Alfred Hodder

In our last issue, in recording the death of Josiah Flynt Willard, we mentioned the *Autobiography* that he had been writing, a number of chapters of which have already been published serially. In manuscript form the *Autobiography* has been brought down to a time, about eight or nine years ago, when the author went to live with three friends in a small hotel just north of Washington Square. One of these friends was Alfred Hodder, who soon after, under

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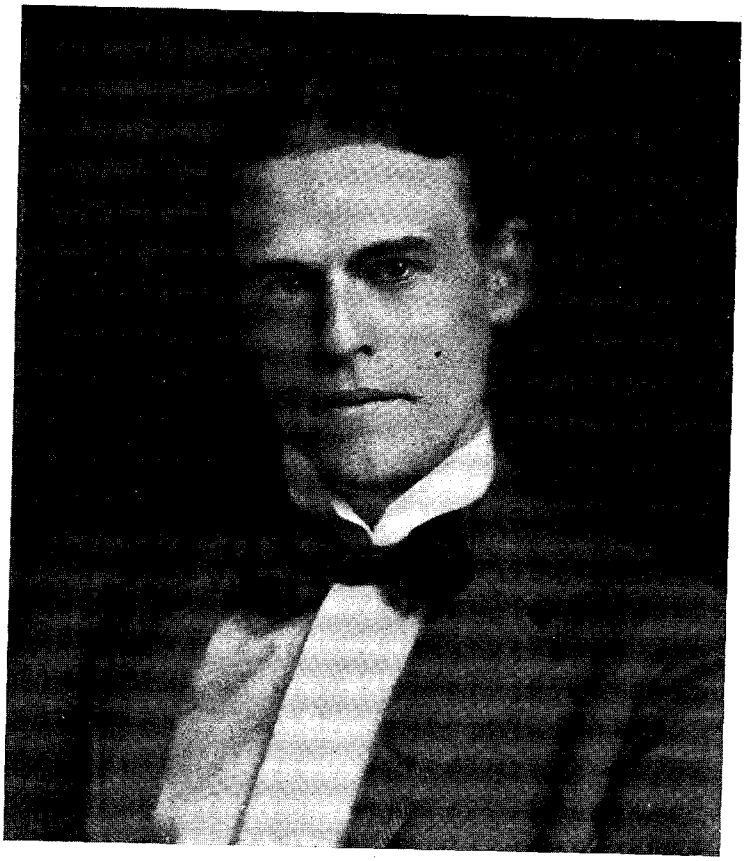

THE LATE ALFRED HODDER

the pseudonym of Francis Walton, became Josiah Flynt's collaborator on *The Powers that Prey*, and who, after Josiah Flynt's death, was asked to complete the *Autobiography*. Within a very few weeks, however, Alfred Hodder himself died.

Besides *The Powers that Prey*, Mr. Hodder's literary work included *Adversaries of the Skeptic*, *The Fight for the City*, an account of the first Jerome campaign, and *The New Americans*, a novel. This last book underwent some rather odd changes in the matter of title. The author originally called it *Palimpsest*. The publishers, however, discarded this on the very plausible ground that probably not more than two out of every ten readers would be familiar with the meaning of the word. The second title chosen was *Heirs of Yesterday*. This was adopted and an edition struck off before it was learned that a book bearing the same name was already in existence. Mr. Hodder's equipment as a collaborator of Josiah Flynt in depicting the seamy side of life was a very thorough one. Before he entered Harvard, in 1890, he had spent several years in the law offices of Senator Teller, in Denver, had been closely associated with the State and municipal administration and with the courts, and had been admitted to the Colorado Bar. After two years in Cambridge, Harvard gave him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He was for two years an instructor at Bryn Mawr, and then resigned to follow a literary career in New York. When Mr. Jerome became a candidate for District Attorney, in 1901, Mr. Hodder volunteered for the campaign, and after the election became Mr. Jerome's secretary.

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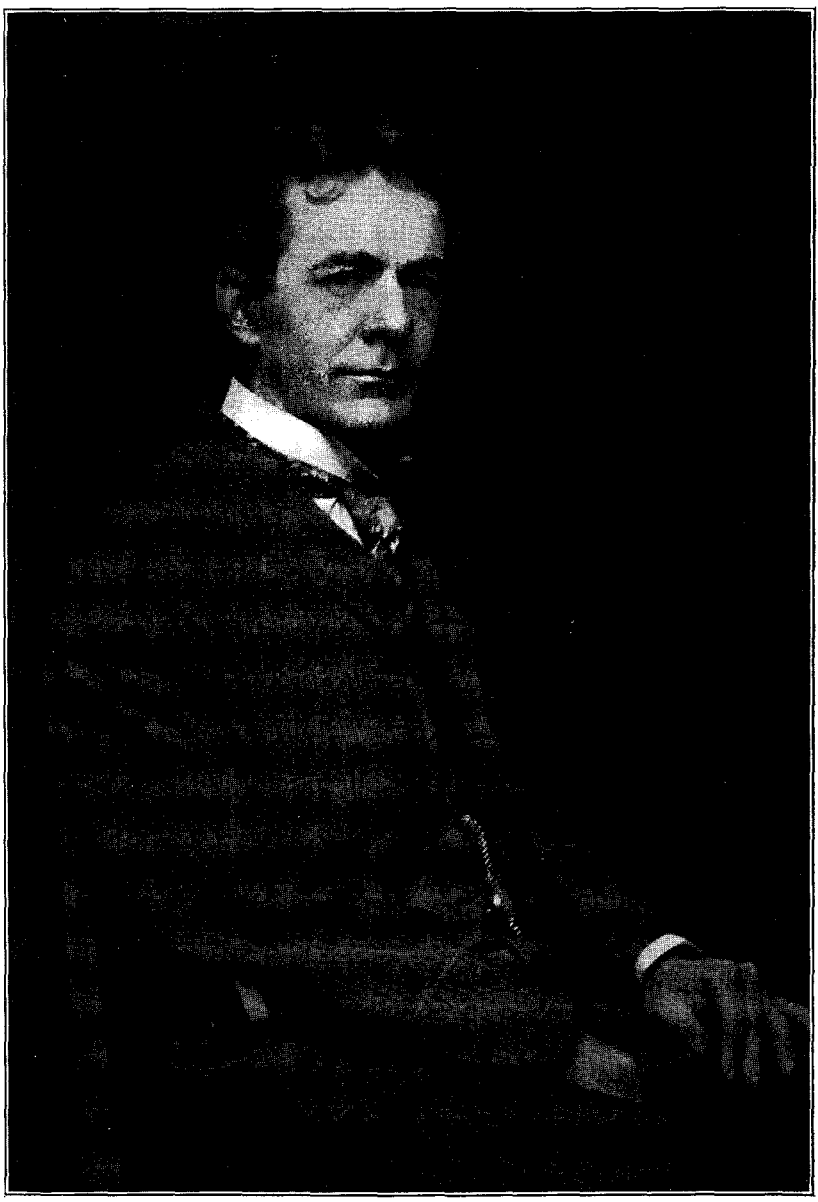
The Drier Criticism Again

Of what use is it to attack one Dr. Dyboski, as a daily paper does, because he writes six hundred pages on Tennyson's diction and arranges the poet's idioms in classes and sub-classes and convicts his co-ordinate clauses of illicit intercourse? Dr. Dyboski is a mere pupil of the Drier Criticism, of which sad science masters are to be found everywhere, not only in college chairs of literature, but in newspapers, magazines, reading circles and women's clubs. Few people read a poet nowadays. They take a course in him. Some one arranges him first into an early, a middle and a later period. Somebody builds an approach



CHARLES D. STEWART, THE AUTHOR OF "PARTNERS OF PROVIDENCE"

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to his "works" and somebody else a trestle over them. A Dr. Dowden may perhaps be found who will show how the buoyant tone of the poet's youth was tempered by the reflective note of his middle age. Then there is his relation to his time and to other times and the pedigree of his main idea and whether poetry had ever broken out in the family before, and, if so, why, and his likeness to somebody and unlikeness to somebody else, and the list of his ingredients, and how long they had to be stirred, and when they actually "came to a boil," and what his place was in literature.

❧

True, Dyboski is a type much loved by college presidents, and rewarded usually with a Ph.D. (no mere ornamental appendage, but the indispensable prehensile tail for academic climbing), and often promoted to a special literary chair for dehumanising the humanities. But to be a Drier Critic, that is the best way to begin, and the Drier Criticism is at this date inexpugnable. For by means of it a man who has no heart for his subject may still draw from it his daily bread. Commensalism is by no means limited to bivalves, but runs all through the Drier Criticism. Shakespeare to his commentators is as the oyster to the oyster crab. The very definition of commensalism reminds one of the latest essay on Browning or Walt Whitman; and why rebuke the manners of invertebrates, whether literary or marine? In all these matters we should strive for a more than human, an almost zoological, charity, and the hope that even a Ph.D. may have its use in nature. Hundreds of naturally book-shy people, disliking the essentials of literature, are drawn into its neighbourhood by lessons in its non-essentials—how the great man looked, wherewithal he was clothed, whence his thoughts came, and what he ate. The object of American literary criticism to-day is to entice alien and reluctant souls somewhere near the backyard fence of literature, and comfort the aching hearts of "culture" seekers with the sense that "culture" has been attained.

Touchstones of Taste

An American critic not long ago snipped a passage from Thackeray and a passage from Dickens, each no more than ten lines long, and declared that any man who did not feel the quality of style in the one and its absence in the other had no "touchstone of taste." It so happened that Thackeray was at his second best and Dickens at his maudlin worst, for each was describing the return of his hero to a mother's grave, and it is well known that Dickens is apt to be at a disadvantage in any such emergency, lacking all reserve and delicacy and achieving pathos by barefaced rhetorical tricks, comparable to rubbing an onion in the reader's eye. But while Thackeray wins easily in this comparison, the passage quoted no more reflects his style than it does that of Laura Jean Libbey or Hall Caine. It is only those who believe in the literal inspiration of their favourite authors that would venture to quote this passage from *Esmond,* and we repeat it here merely as a matter of curiosity.

"Might she sleep in peace—might she sleep in peace; and we, too, when our struggles and pains are over! But the earth is the Lord's as the heaven is; we are alike his creatures, here and yonder. I took a little flower off the hillock and kissed it, and went my way, like the bird that had just lighted on the cross by me, back into the world again. Silent receptacle of death; tranquil depth of calm, out of reach of tempest and trouble! I felt as one who had been walking below the sea and treading amidst the bones of sepulchures."

Assuming for the moment the high pedagogical tone of our American critic, we unhesitatingly declare that any man who does not instantly perceive that this passage lacks all the ingratiating elements of Thackeray's style has no faculty in himself that could respond to anything in Thackeray's writings. Continuing in the same authoritative vein, we openly defy all doubters and dissidents, and on the slightest provocation stand ready to cite Longinus, *On the Sublime,* the Terentian *ne quid nimis,* Aristotle's *Poetics* and Plato's *Republic* in the orig-

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inal, or translation, or both, against any man who sets up his taste against our own. But we apologise in haste to any chance reader, for we are conscious in the moment of saying this that we, too, are mistaking some personal emotions for touchstones of taste.

❧

De Maupassant's Literary Earnings

According to M. Edouard Maynial, whose *La Vie et l'œuvre Guy de Maupassant* is the latest study of that ill-starred genius, de Maupassant's yearly earnings from his pen were from twenty-eight to thirty-five thousand francs. The figures are respectable, but in no way extraordinary when his recognised popularity and the vast amount of work he accomplished in his ten years of production are taken into consideration. In the Paris of twenty years ago he was a "big seller." For his novels he was paid one franc a line in the periodicals, or, to express the matter in the terms of to-day, at the rate of two or three cents a word for the serial rights. According to a table, the sale of his books down to December, 1891, was as follows: One hundred and sixty-nine thousand short stories, twenty-four thousand books of travel, one hundred and eighty thousand novels; in all, three hundred and seventy-three thousand volumes. These figures must have subsequently vastly increased, perhaps doubled or trebled. For example, a copy of *Fort Comme la Mort,* printed in 1900, now before us, is announced as the ninety-second edition, and in point of general popularity *Fort Comme la Mort* has never compared with *Bel Ami,* and perhaps not with *Une Vie* or *Notre Cœur.*

Estates of English Writers

We are strongly of the impression that we have seen before the following list of the estates left by certain English writers. It appears in a recent number of *The Author,* of London:

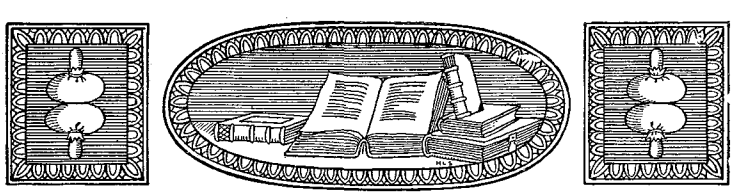
Sir Thomas Wemyss Reid left estate proved at				£9249
Sir Edwin Arnold left estate proved at				6417
Clement Scott	"	"	"	4482
George Gissing	"	"	"	1053
Alfred Henry Wall	"	"	"	400
William Sharp	"	"	"	378
Adeline Sergeant	"	"	"	294
Hannah Lynch	"	"	"	285

In commenting upon this list in the London *Sphere,* Mr. Clement K. Shorter points out in explanation of the apparent prosperity of the first three that Scott was the owner of a newspaper and that Arnold and Reid had a certain asset in their knighthoods. In the case of George Gissing, that talented novelist for his best books received a mere pittance. It was only when he began to write novels of secondary merit that money came to him.

❧

Dickens's Continued Popularity

Considering that Dickens has been dead thirty-seven years, some of the figures given in a recent article in the London *Daily Telegraph* by Mr. W. L. Courtney, the chairman of the directors of Chapman and Hall, Ltd., are little short of extraordinary. He says that the firm in question sold four hundred thousand copies of the great novelist's books during 1906. He further estimates that the total sale of Dickens from all publishers during the year amounted to a million and a half copies.



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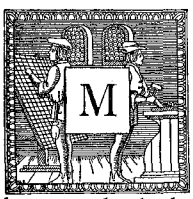
THE STOOPING LADY*

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

CHAPTER XI

WHICH FORFEITS MR. TOUCHETT THE ENTRÉE



ISS CHAMRE came back to Caryll House early in April, in excellent spirits and blooming health. Petersham had done its work. Her cheeks were glowing, her bosom abud; her wit overflowed. Gentlemen at parties fell before her like butterflies to a high wind. My Lord Edlogan changed his course of life, and drank negus; Lord Rodono presented a petition to the House of Commons; Lord Sandgate sought an introduction; Mr. Banks wrote a poem, "To Miss H. C., on returning to Town." It was even rumoured that the Prince of Wales had asked two or three times if she was to be seen yet, and that Lady H—— was greatly chagrined. She was taken everywhere, and everywhere admired, and seemed to have entirely recovered from her former fever.

But there was a good reason for that. The Rights of Man were drowned in the domestic affections. Dick Chambre, whom she adored, her handsome, gallant Dick, was to sail for Portugal at the end of a week, in the same ship that took Sir Arthur; his uniform, his horse, his baggage, his sword; the Bible which he vowed to read, the letter-paper which he swore to cover; the farewell dinners, the farewell pauses, in which only their hearts dared speak—here was enough to fill a sister's mind.

"Some natural tears they shed"—but not many, for Dick was mortally afraid of them, and she kept back hers for his sake, doing violence to her lips also, to her arms and fond heart. Had she hugged him, she would have cried; had she cried, God knows that he would have broken down. Their last night together was a piercing comedy of reserves, like many a night and day in England. She was desperately off-hand, he savagely matter-of-fact. It was "Good-night, Hermy. Shall I see you in the morning?" and "Yes, if I'm not too sleepy. Good-night." No kisses; and no tears until the door was shut—and then a stiff-chokered young subaltern on his knees at his bedside: "God bless her—God bless my Hermy—God bless me, Amen!" and a tumble-haired beauty with scalded cheeks, lying anyhow on a couch: "Oh, Dick! Oh, Dick! What shall I do?" That was the English way of it before the Reform Bill, and perhaps is so yet, unless the Radicals have got a human nature.

She saw him drive off in his postchaise, into the golden spring mist, without a murmur; and breakfasted sedately with grandmamma, as became a Caryll by the mother's side.

Some few nights later the Caryll in her showed its right to franchise, its indefeasible claim to prerogative of choice. You can't blame her—or I cannot. If she had the right to command herself, she had the right to let herself go. Logically, it's not to be denied that if you can set up you can also pull down, though custom be against it and its indulgence may well lead on to anarchy. However, here is what happened.

There was a dinner-party at Caryll House, which was to be followed by the usual assembly. Lady Morfa plumed herself upon these, or would have if she had been a common person, and held them weekly while Parliament was in session. The Whig families rallied, or else, so far as she was concerned, they ceased to be Whigs. In very flagrant cases they ceased to be Families. But the diners were always carefully chosen, and this one was a good specimen of its class; young men, for Hermia's sake—young men of worth and standing; a few of Morfa's friends, and a politician here and there, with possibly a wit—to give

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body. Lord Edlogan of the wounded nose was there, a very handsome stripling, not without brains, although he did his best to seem so; Mr. Horner also, whom Miss Hermia adored, and Lord Rodono, who adored Miss Hermia and did not care, now, who knew it; and Lord Sandgate was strangely there—but his family was undeniable, and the Clark affair had blown over. Lord Sandgate was presented on this occasion, and was to hand Miss Chambre in to dinner. Then there were Lady Diana Topham, whose husband would be a peer some day, and Mrs. Western, who went everywhere, though no one knew why; Lady Gorges, pretty, swan-necked, and a poetess; Sir George Coigne, the young Buckinghamshire baronet, a Botetort through his mother, therefore nephew of her ladyship, and enormously rich; lastly, Lady Barwise, eldest daughter of the house of Caryll, Princess Royal, you might say, of that strait realm—and Mervyn Touchett, the diarist, who was to give the dolorous stroke. Lord Morfa himself, it so happened, was dining at home, and allowing no one to be unaware of it. It is most certain that Miss Harriet Moon, suffusing and paling in the long drawing-room, where she was expected to be both before and after dinner, was aboundingly aware of it.

Lord Morfa led the talk, as was only natural. It was an age when conversation, to call it so, was apt to run in monologues. There seemed no middle course between that and general hubbub. But it cannot be allowed that the young man was fitted for his task; he mistook equivoke for epigram, and anecdote for information. He spoke of persons rather than of things, and his subjects were the more fortunate if they were not present. On this occasion, for instance, his fancy led him to discourse of M. de Montrond, a too-famous gentleman of his own world, in a manner more facetious than respectful. He addressed himself in true Caryll fashion, to his mother at the further end of the long table.

"Old French!" said he, chuckling—thus they designated M. de Montrond—"he's devilish clever. I know for a fact, ma'am, that he had ten thousand of Seph's money at White's. That's not so bad for a night's work, hey? And he fairly skinned Joliffe, I hear."

It was impossible to say whether Lady Morfa was edified. Lord Sefton was a kinsman—but there's nothing in that.

"Monsieur Montrond is very clever," she allowed, "very clever—with his hands."

Morfa guffawed over his wine, and allowed Lord Sandgate to take up the tale.

"He has a tongue, too—old Montrond. Did your ladyship hear what he said to Pink Mordaunt the other night? 'Pink, *mon vieux,*' says he, *'dépêchez-vous de reconnaître ce bon Monsieur Cobbett, ou bientôt il ne vous reconnaîtrea pas.'* I call that uncommonly neat of Montrond."

Lady Morfa could see nothing in a story which had Cobbett for a personage, and stared rather blankly at her guest; but it was Cobbett's name which brought about a crisis. Mervyn Touchett was the instrument—a keen-faced man of thirty, with black hair, good grooming, a lisp, and an appearance studiedly unpicturesque. He had a fine pair of eyes, and knew it, but he had missed Lady Morfa's blank look. His teeth were excellent.

Leaning now sideways, to avoid a gold épergne, catch Sandgate's eye, and have a view of "the sumptuous Miss Chambre," as he was fond of calling her—"Your Cobbett, my dear lord," he said with mock severity, "your Cobbett strikes a note."

"He strikes more than that, Mervyn," said my lord.

"He hardly strikes the stars, though I grant you that he strikes at them. Pray, have you seen the *Register?*"

"I always see it," said my lord. "You find it stimulating?"

"Cayenne," says Touchett. "Morfa, you should look at it. You're in it—you're always in it now."

"Damn him, I know," Lord Morfa said; "but you may spare my blushes."

Lady Barwise peered up, scenting havoc. She hated her brother. "Pray, Mr. Touchett, spare Roddy nothing of that sort. He blushes so rarely, and is so become by the appearance *in every way* that I shall insist——"

"Thank you, Louisa. You always give a helping hand," said the little lord.

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"I say, Touchett, is Edlogan in too?" This came from Sir George Coigne, baronet of Bucks, knight of that shire, and man of substance. The hunt was up at that end of the table, but had not yet reached her ladyship's. As for the unhappy Edlogan, he had trusted, blushing, to his luck; but it seemed that he, too, was in. "Yes, yes, Edlogan's in—nose and all that." And then it was that Miss Chambre lifted her head sharply and began to listen. Lord Rodono, with the eyes of a lover and the mind of one, remembered that look of hers; Diana's, on the uplands, sighting a quarry, eh? However that may be, she looked up as suddenly as a cat which hears a rustling in the grass, and, sleek before, is all at once sinewy and intent.

Mr. Touchett, so many eyes upon him, produced from his pocket-book a slip of paper, and threw it in silence to Lord Morfa—who stared at it, but did not take it.

"I don't want it, Mervyn. It's no sort of use to me," he said. "The thing's done and done with—but Louisa's longing to be at it." Then he picked it up and tossed it forward towards Lady Barwise.

Rodono gained it, and was about to make a spill of it, for the mercies of the candle. But she stopped that.

"Please, Lord Rodono, let us know the worst. Mamma, you will allow us?" Her shrill tones silenced the table all over. Lady Morfa, checked in her conversation with Mr. Horner, must know what this was all about. The whole thing had to be explained to her. Nobody in London could have done it but Lady Barwise.

The strain was severe, but the great lady could meet it. She knew this daughter of hers, and did no more than raise her brows. "Cobbett? Do you want to hear him crow? By all means." She resumed her conversation.

The scrap went back to its owner with Lady Barwise's "Pray read, Mr. Touchett." The unhappy man looked for a direction from his hostess, which he did not get. A turn of a hair would have done—but no! Lady Morfa was talking about Cintra.

"Forge ahead, Mervyn," says Lord Morfa, and emptied his glass. He signed to Progers that it was empty. The only objection heard was Rodono's. "Why should Mervyn be allowed to be a bore?"

Lord Morfa said, "Tom, behave." Then Mr. Touchett had to read his piece.

"David Vernour," wrote Cobbett, "has been released from the gaol where the Caryll House gang thought fit to confine him—after six weeks. Mark the clemency of Mr. Fox's friends. I saw him no later than Tuesday. To his credit, though infinitely to their discredit, he will say little. *Every word he withholds is a smear upon the Whig Cabal.* As fine a young fellow as ever I saw in my life, an educated, high-spirited, clever, instructed young man, herded with street-walkers, purse-cutters, and shop-thieves for six weeks; refused a trial; ruined. No, by Heaven, he is not to be ruined! In spite of them all, I'll see to that. And why? Because a little atomy Earl of Morfa, K.G., Baron Rhôs, etc., was drunk, and staked a horse for Vernour. Because a Marquis of Edlogan, also drunk, tried a rescue and had his nose punched. Upon my conscience that is all. Now Vernour receives a FREE PARDON from my lady Countess of Morfa, and leaves the Marshalsea with as many stains upon his character as she, and her cub, choose to put there. With my hand upon my heart I say, If this is the way of the Friends of 1688, of the Foxites, Crowland-Houseites, and Grenville-cum-Greyites, give me that of Pitt, Castlereagh, Wellesley, and Co. Why, my Lord Melville's peculations were gallantry compared to those of her ladyship's. She 'forgives' David Vernour! But I need say no more at present. Indeed, I have said now more than Vernour will care about. He's a gentleman—and there's a shrewder blow at them than I can hope to give."

Mr. Touchett, long before he was through with a task upon which he had so light-heartedly embarked, wished himself dead. When it was over he knew that, with regard to Caryll House, dead he was. Nobody but Lady Barwise had a word to say.

"Charming for you, Roddy! Charming!"

Young Lord Morfa met her chilly eyes

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and laughed at them. The rest took it in their several ways—Lord Edlogan with a deep blush, Lord Sandgate, after whistling below his breath, with a gaze steadily at the ceiling, Mr. Horner with extreme misery which nothing, he felt, but rapid exercise could abate. Lord Rodono watched his Hermia; and as for her, in the full presence of that table and of her painted ancestors ranked behind and before it, she flooded with scarlet, and flashed upon her shameful kindred. Lord knows what she might have done or said; it is certain that she was primed to do or say something. She was in the act to rise when Lord Sandgate took hold of her gown and held her bodily in her place. As she turned upon him in her fury—startled into fury as one is, balked of some vivid purpose, he bade her sit down again. "Keep still—it is madness," was what he said, and saved her. Lady Morfa had seen nothing so far. The girl sank back into her place, and lifted her head no more.

All this had taken but a half-minute, for all had happened in the first shock. It was as near an approach to a scene as her ladyship could ever have permitted, and such as it was she stopped it by a recovery little short of sublime. But she hurt Mervyn Touchett.

"Gusto spoils your reading, I consider. You roll it on the tongue." Her voice had a croaking sound—rather like the dry rattle of a corncake. Her only other comment was apart to Mr. Horner, that for a barnyard cock it was stoutly crowed. No doubt, to that kind of fowl, the dome of St. Paul's, should he find himself upon it, would seem but a larger dunghill.

Mr. Touchett never entered the Caryll House gates again.

CHAPTER XII

WHICH TRANSPORTS US TO LA MANCHA

A sprinkling of untimely guests were already in the great drawing-room when the ladies' procession entered it—newcomers, people of little account, persons. They seemed to huddle like sheep as the dining party rustled in; it was almost certain that Mr. Aloysius Banks stamped his forefoot when he heard her ladyship's crutch. Hermia, at least, told Harriet that she had heard him. She was now very calm, and able to be amused with her fellow-creatures.

Harriet commented upon the length of dinner. The servants had left the dining-room half an hour ago, and her ladyship rarely stayed ten minutes after that. "Mr. Touchett was reading to us," she was told.

"Really! A poem?"

"Yes," said Miss Chambre, "one might say so. It moved me a good deal. And now I want to run away and think about it. And so I shall if grandmamma doesn't catch me."

"Oh, Hermy," said her friend, whose ideas ran in a groove, "Lord Rodono will be so disappointed."

"I thought he was consoling himself when we left," Miss Chambre said.

"I could see that he was very much put out that you were given to Lord Sandgate."

"That was selfish of him—for I was very much honoured."

"You were happy with——?"

"With Lord Sandgate? Perfectly. He was very kind to me. Adieu, child." She kissed her hand to Harriet and flitted out on the tips of her toes. Tom Rodono, entering with the rest of the men in due time, found the rooms full—but emptied of her. Miss Moon took leave to tell him that Hermia had had a dreadful headache. "Don't wonder at it," said he; and then she had the story out of him.

Miss Chambre, who never suffered from headache, had an excellent night's rest, having sought it without any fuss of dedication to a cause or a duty. And yet, before she closed her eyes, she had made up her mind as to what must be done. Her prayers were as usual, without a long breath of preparation; if you had likened her to Antigone she would have been amused. She rose at her usual time, but did not ride as usual, and in the course of the early morning told Harriet Moon that she had some shopping to do, and would like a companion for the walk.

Harriet showed her evident pleasure, interspersed with the customary apprehensions. Would her ladyship——?

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Might not her ladyship——? That kind of half question was frequent upon Harriet's pale lips. A footman, too, seemed almost a necessity; but Hermia said, Rubbish. She intended to go and be back early; and—this was to another aposiopesis—No, she had not thought of asking grandmamma, unless Harriet might fall into disgrace. A look into the brown eyes, which had begun to loom, decided that. Very well, then, let grandmamma be asked.

Leave was obtained, but they must be back by noon. Bond Street was the place? Very well; but in that case, be back by half after eleven. At ten the pair set out.

In that day of dangerous elegance, when women's clothes surely fitted as closely to their minds as to their pretty persons, Miss Chambre, by no means unaware of her natural advantages, affected a simplicity and a daring disastrous to mankind. It would be as pleasant to give a picture of herself as of her London, into whose sunny spaces of grass and fleecy skies, among whose old ruddy houses she walked that morning of the fifteenth of April; for hers was a day when London was still a clean country town and beautiful young women were not afraid to show themselves in it. You may see them in print and picture, in their feathers and fal-lals, their high-waisted, low-bosomed gowns, airing with artful grace their white stockings and their sandals, their Leghorn bonnets and fluttering scarves; and in some such garb of white and clinging silk you may clothe her, and in some such close bonnet set her ardent face. Heightened as her colour was by some resolve she had, her beauty showed that rich and serious cast which must needs draw all male eyes and yet remain unaffected. She was very ignorant of such a battery. And she had lived most of her life, too, in a country where women still knew how to walk; she moved easily and well, did not mince her steps. She moved and held herself, in fact, as a girl does who walks to get from one place to another, which is not the present fashion.

They crossed the Green Park and struck into Piccadilly without much talk. Miss Chambre was noticeably quiet, and parried Harriet's utmost ingenuity. Anything direct she answered with "Yes," and "No." She did not know yet what she was going to buy; no, she was not going to Madame Pelerine's; she was not going to the bonnet-shop. That was Lord Drillstone who bowed? She had not recognised him. Mr. Touchett's poem of last night? She had not said it was a poem. She had said that it had moved her. Oh, had Hermy heard that Mr. Cobbett—by accident? And then for a moment she had paralysed Harriet with a look. "How do you hear things by accident, Harriet?" Miss Moon finally, with a little sigh, resigned herself to her friend's larger mind and more settled purpose. The Harriets of the world win only by waiting.

They went northeast by devious and mostly unfrequented ways to the corner of Brook Street, unnoticed and untroubled; there Hermia stopped. Harriet noticed at once that her colour was high and her breath quick.

"Harriet," she said, "I have an errand in a shop near here. Go into the bun-shop and wait for me. I'll not be five minutes." The bun-shop was beside them. Through its little panes of bottle-glass you could see the buns arrayed in sticky pyramids, the glasses of sweet-stuff, brandy-balls, and bulls-eyes, and cases of jumbles, crisp, curled, and fresh. The girl in charge, ringletted and high-combed, peered through the window to see the fine lady and her companion.

Harriet, on the verge of a secret, was uneasy.

"Dearest, what are you going to do? I fear some imprudence! What shall I tell her ladyship?"

"You will tell her nothing. I shall have that to do. I am going to her directly I return."

"Is it——? Ought I not——? Oh, Hermy, I beseech you to be careful!"

"I have been caring all night and all this morning," said Miss Chambre. "I hope there's been carefulness enough." Human nature could not bear such things.

"Where is your errand? I vow that I have guessed it. May I not——? I do think that you should tell me. Not that I am in the least curious; I beg you to believe it. But——"

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Hermia was looking along Brook Street, and spoke as one in a dream. "I think I cannot tell you—now, or at any time. But no doubt you will hear."

"Oh, Hermy! Oh, darling!"

Hermia now looked at her; she smiled kindly, but shook her head. "I think that I must not. It will be better for you—and for me, too—if you don't know it. I am doing what is right. I can assure you of that."

Harriet bit her lip. "I shall be most unhappy. You don't trust me."

"No, perhaps not. But it is impossible to me to talk. I have made up my mind. Please go and eat your buns. I'll have one afterwards." Harriet shivered, but obeyed.

Miss Chambre walked on alone, eastward, to near the Bond Street corner; near enough to it to be able to see the faces of the lounging dandies passing up and down—and to be seen. Hunchbacked Lord Sefton, in his bottle-green coat, saw her and saluted with great formality. Mr. Byng, who was with him, marked the attention, turned, saw her, and off with his hat. She bowed her head slightly and held back until they were gone on. Little things like these, to her who had never yet walked a London street without escort, made of her venture a journey of knight-errantry. Her heart was in her mouth, and, worse than that, her fears came thronging to her brain. She had been prepared for shame and terror—afterwards, but had counted on doing her errand with a rush. To think it out, to foresee the stages of it were madness; she simply could not afford it. And to be delayed, checked in the career—to be spoken with, held in talk, put back to the lists, to run anew—ah, no! Before she could be endangered again, taking now a full breath, she stepped through the little wicket of a shop-doorway, and stood in the sawdust, and inhaled the faint odours of the establishment of Vernour and Son, family butchers.

A pale young man stepped out of a sort of glazed cage and bowed before her. He was in frock and apron, and his hair was as smooth as butter—black butter. Also, he was dreadfully obsequious.

"At your service, madam."

Below her heart-beats and the sea-sound in her ears she heard her own strangled voice. "Is Mr. Vernour within? Young Mr. Vernour?"

The young man's raised eyebrows were intended to show deference, not surprise—but they were disconcerting, because they delayed her. "Mr. David, madam? I think not, but I will inquire. Permit me, madam."

He brought forward a chair, on which it was impossible to sit, though her knees were faltering under her. To sit down—here—when at any moment she might have to fly—to hide herself—never, never. In the meantime, the young man had disappeared, and she was alone with her heart-beats and a white-faced clock, whose pulsing hammered at her brain.

He seemed gone half an hour, and every throb of the time added to her distress. She had never known before how conspicuous she was, how terribly under enquiry. A street-singer was quavering his endless ballad outside in the street, watching her with an eye which seemed to read her very soul, though no doubt it yearned for nothing more than half pence. A cart rattled by; the boy in the tilt stopped whistling when he spied her. A young gentleman drove past in a cabriolet, and the groom dancing behind caught sight of her white dress, and stooped to see her face. And then a closed carriage with two fine horses pulled up short—oh, heaven, she was in a trap! No—thank God, she need not hide herself—it had gone on. She had determined that nothing should compel her to that shame, but by now her spirit was water.

When she heard steps within the glass door at the back, the stricken beauty faced her assize. The door yielded the tall figure of a man, but an elderly man. Old Mr. Vernour, grave and grey, was bowing, and rubbing propitiatory hands. He was ridiculously the humble servant of any one with a shilling to spend; and yet she eyed him as if he was new-risen from the dead.

"Your servant, madam, your servant. Your ladyship was enquiring for—my son?"

"Yes, if you please."

It hurt Mr. Vernour to deny a lady;

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he spoke very seriously. "I grieve that he is absent on his daily business. It is most unfortunate." He looked sideways at her, stroking his chin. "Can I—any message? I should be truly honoured."

It was so impossible as to be almost absurd. She became voluble in excuse. "Oh, no, thank you, Mr. Vernour—indeed, no. I could not dream of troubling you. It is of little or no consequence—indeed, it is really nothing—to your son."

But Mr. Vernour still stroked his chin, not finding himself at all able to believe that such visits could be nothing to his son. "Should I, madam—could I—mention a name to my son?"

A name! The thought of it! "Oh, no, indeed, I won't trouble you—so small a thing! My name is, of course, nothing to your son. He does not know it, has never heard it."

"Oh, madam!" Mr. Vernour was shocked at the thought. A lady—a fragrant, floating, white-robed lady of fashion, and his son ignorant! And he, good man, ignorant himself, as the babe new born!

Then, while he could hardly venture to look at her, so discomfited was he, it came upon her with certainty that she must fly. She had done her honest best, and had failed. Her heart sank at the thought that all must be done again. She must face Bond Street again, again pass the wicket, stand, ask, wait, be served by deferential old men—and could she do it? She had no notion, but the question did not press. What was urgent was that she should go, and most urgent of all, the ridiculous puzzle of how to go. Should she give her hand to old Mr. Vernour? Would he take it if she did? Or should she bow, smile upon him, thank him? All her self-possession was gone, all her decision; even her imperative reasons for coming on this errand at all were washing away on the ebb. Beauty in distress, helpless, miserable, shame-faced, and absurd—there really seemed nothing for it but that refuge of heroines, a tear-storm. And then, as she swayed and turned, half her affair was upon her. There came the canter of a horse, a sudden scour on the cobbles; and before she knew that her hour was come a tall young man stood bareheaded in the doorway, a tall young man with high colour and very light hair, and that look of resolute ability upon him which she had once before seen and never forgotten; and, frocked and aproned as he was, with his wooden tray under his hand, there was no majesty in England at that hour before which she could have stood so humbly. And yet the relief which his presence gave to her irresolution and discomfort was one of the strongest things about him. He was a tower of refuge; she would fear no more.

He bowed, and would have passed her, but "David, this lady——" began Vernour the elder, and waved her into debate with a respectful hand.

"You wish to see me, madam?" She raised her eyes to meet his and faltered no more; for now the hour was come.

She spoke slowly and deliberately. "Mr. Vernour, I belong to a family which has disgraced itself in your eyes and in mine. I am come here to admit it fully, so far as I can, and to beg your pardon. I wish that my grandmother could have come herself, but she is an old lady, and you must excuse her. And I ought to say that she does not know that I have ventured to see you." The young man made as if he would come to her, but she stopped him. "Of course, I shall tell her immediately what I have done. I should not wish you to suppose that I would deceive her in such a matter. And I must say that I cannot expect your forgiveness for—for an intolerable act, but that I cannot gain my own without asking you for it. I hope you will be generous."

And there she stopped, because she had learned no more. She had trusted to her ardour to give her continuance—which it did not, but played her false. That quick movement of his towards her had thrown her out. She had thought he was indignant at a thing done by her in secret, and had made haste to disavow any secrecy. And then it had not been easy to go on; and now it seemed ridiculous to stop. At this point, too, her eyes fell before Vernour's, though his held their gaze. He had narrowed them, they had intensity; she felt them dreadfully upon her, and drooped under the steady attack. It was a full minute before he spoke.

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"Madam," he then said, "is it possible that you are from——?"

Her lips faltered the admission, but immediately afterward, as if ashamed of her weak knees, she held up her head and announced herself distinctly. "I am Miss Chambre. Lady Morfa is my grandmother."

Once again he deliberated his full time before he said, "I think the Queen of England cannot be a prouder lady than you." He was very still, very trenchant; she thought him angry with her.

"You think that I have come to insult you. You have every right to think so; but it is not true."

If he had thought so, he must have been mad, but there was fire behind his voice when he answered her. And he held his hand up lest she should say any more.

He said, "I think that you are very proud; and you have made me proud. No greater honour was ever paid to a man. I have done nothing to deserve it —but I shall never forget it."

It was plain, even to her in her distress, that he was moved. His voice was husky, and his eyes were dim. But he did not for a moment cease to regard her; without any glimmer of offence he showed that he was absorbed in her. Not her beauty alone could have drawn such an intent scrutiny; her rank alone would have prevented it. Whether it was the extraordinary nature of her errand, or the simplicity with which she had acquitted it, or her dignity in difficulties, or her appeal—something there was which took him out of himself and made him strong while it made her weak.

Turning at last, but reluctantly, as though he was afraid she might vanish, he spoke to his father. "Father, how am I to prove to this lady what she has done for me?"

To old Mr. Vernour the incident had been dreadful. It had upset all his theories; he was not able to do more than shake his head. "I doubt you cannot—I doubt you cannot." He could not lift himself; he seemed to be thoroughly ashamed. "I doubt this is too great an honour for you, my son. I doubt 'twill exalt you too greatly—for your peace of mind." He looked profoundly unhappy, spoke toward the sawdust of the floor.

This humility distressed her, and it appears that the young man must have divined it. The diversion which he proposed was well conceived; it seemed to give her the power of conferring another favour. She remembered it afterward, and saw how high-bred it had been. He had asked her whether she would consent to make the acquaintance of his mother. "You will add to the obligation which we feel so truly," said he. "You will give a proud son a proud mother." She was very grateful, would gladly go in.

As he held open the glass door for her, she seemed to pass in beneath his arm. This was the effect, at least, which his height had upon her, and her consciousness of his eyes' downward fire, beating, as it were, like rays of light upon the lids of her own. She felt like a bird under the hand, fluttering her wings.

She was ushered into a dusky oval parlour, lit from a skylight. It was extremely neat, stiff, and unoccupied; it was like a miniature. He begged her to wait there while he found his mother. He pushed further into the interior, and she heard his plain voice call "Mother—where are you?" She did not sit, though she was desperately tired. You don't sit in kings' houses.

Mrs. Vernour came in, the softer, more blurred copy of her son—tall, largely made, fair and high-coloured, very self-possessed. For her, it was clear, the lovely Miss Chambre and her wild errand had no glamour. She must have been a splendid young woman herself, in her day; and it was at once apparent that she was a Scot. "Your servant, Miss Chambre," she said sedately. "My son David has told me of the honour done to him. Indeed, he would have gone through more for such a reward at the end of it." To Hermia's renewed protestations she deferred. She was perfectly the lady of breeding; she waived all injuries and griefs—and yet did not make too little of them, lest she should seem thereby to minimise the act of grace. Her ladyship, she suggested, had been taken aback. It was for her son she had taken up arms. She hoped that, as a mother, she could understand a mother's feeling.

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The affair had ended—and this visit was the happy end. There was no more to be said. . . .

She fell to discussing her son. He had not been ill-treated; they had allowed him his books. He was a great scholar; a good son and a great scholar.

Hermia had heard that, she said, from Mr. Ranald—a friend.

"And a good friend to my son, Miss Chambre. The Honourable Mr. Ranald. My mother was housekeeper to his own lady mother at Drumlaw. 'Twas Lady Clanranald gave me my wedding-gown. And Mr. Robert was born that same year in which I was married." Details followed, from which it was made clear that David was fourth child, but the only surviving.

David was a scholar. He had been to the Bluecoat School—had his Latin and Greek. Holy orders had been his desire, but the death of his brother had decided him against it; he had stayed by his father and never complained. But he had his interests—his life was very full. His books, his debating. He was a keen politician, staunch for Mr. Cobbett and Reform. He was a Westminster freeholder himself—had his vote. He had taught himself the French, he would travel some day. Meantime, he did his duty and was all that a son should be.

She owned to his quick temper; that horse had been the apple of his eye. It was on that horse that he used to ride every Sunday to Feltham, where he had a friend—a nursery gardener. David had many interests, it seemed.

Cake and wine had been produced while this was going on; Miss Chambre, now happy and at ease, forgot the time, and did not disguise the interest she felt in these confidences. She tried to express herself as she rose to go. "I should like to tell you, Mrs. Vernour, how proud I am that you should talk to me like this. I feel—that I ought to be ashamed—to be——"

"It will be a sore day for England when the likes of you are made ashamed, Miss Chambre."

She then took leave, hoping that she might come again.

Vernour was at the glass door as she came out. She was very shy.

"Your mother has been extremely kind," she told him. He bent vehemently toward her, then controlled himself. "But you have been more than kind. You cannot know."

"No, no—not that." Her eyes appealed.

"If to give manhood back to a man be not a royal act——"

She spoke her cry from the heart.

"Don't say those things, please. You rob me of what I hold dear. I hold our honour very dear."

"You do, indeed," said Vernour. "It is certain that you do." Her eyes filled at his praise. "Madam," he continued, "I speak the truth. You have given me manhood back. I was like to have lost it on a time, and now I know that I need not. Madam, madam! I could go down on my knees to you."

"I beg you, I beg you——" This must be ended somehow. "You have been very kind to listen to me—and to make light of what you endured. You have made me happy. I know that you will forgive us. I see that you are generous. You will excuse me if I——" She held out her hand, and Vernour, fiercely red, took, bent over, and kissed it. No more was said. She escaped like a bird out of a window. She ate no buns.

Homeward, then, like a bird on the wing, she sped, Harriet trailing in her wake—not to be talked to. "Don't talk to me, please—I cannot talk now. Yes, yes, I have everything I wanted. No—there are no parcels for you to carry."

Dandies ogled in vain; no doffed hats touched her, no beckoning hands from great carriages beguiled her from her thoughts. Arrived at the house, she went directly in to her grandmother's room, and spoke her piece. She found her at her letters.

"Grandmamma," she said, "I have come to tell you where I have been. I left Harriet in the bun-shop, and went on alone to Mr. Vernour's. I saw his son, and begged his pardon for the way we had used him. I conceived that his due."

CHAPTER XIII

IN WHICH WE RAISE OUR EYEBROWS

It was much more than tradition with Lady Morfa that under no circumstances

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must there be a scene; it was religion—an act of faith; it was the only possible unfaltering tribute to her position in the scheme of the Universe, due as much to herself as to the Power that had placed her there. But there is more in it than the instinct which says, I am of the Rock; there was the other, reminding her perpetually, You are not. She was fatalist as well as stoic.

On the occasion just recorded there was undoubtedly a perceptible pause—a time of heart-panic for the girl, and for the lady, a time during which she sat looking into vacancy, motionless except for the blinking of her white eyelashes, and for a trembling so slight that it could scarcely have been discerned by anybody, and certainly not by her grandchild. She recovered herself almost at once. Her tongue went twice to her lips, her hand twitched a little; and then she said with extreme politeness:

"Will you have the goodness to repeat yourself, and more slowly?" Even this concession to the frailty of her age she would have forborne had she been able.

Commanding her nerves, the girl obeyed her, and had the good sense not to add a word to the bare announcement. Again Lady Morfa was silent for a while; and during that pause it is safe to affirm that if by any conceivable act she could have humiliated this child, she would have stooped to use it. There was one—there was one thing she could have said, plainly or by innuendo, which might have brought her to her knees; but it shows how fallible the youngest of us may be in our interpretation of our neighbours that Miss Harriet Moon's reading of her in just such a crisis as this was entirely at fault. It never entered Lady Morfa's head that Vernour was a fine young man or that her granddaughter was a fine young woman. What she saw with blank dismay was a chit of a girl who had upset her authority, and done it in so simple a manner that she was powerless to reassert it without becoming absurd. Once before she had been defied, by this child's mother; but Lady Hermione had climbed her wall in the night, had fled the country with Dick of the Gallop—while this Hermia Mary, acting in the broad light of day and Bond Street, had walked out of the gates, and returned to take her punishment. Now, the serious thing was that there was no punishment to give her. Anti-climax was unavoidable, since the death penalty was out of date. The baffled lady, driven to temporise, maintained her dignity unruffled. It was all she had left her at the moment.

"I think that I understand you," she said; "that is, I hear what you tell me you have done. Further than that I cannot go. You may have had reasons for compromising yourself which——" The girl's lip trembled, but she burst in upon the cold stream—

"Oh, grandmamma, how could you have been so cruel? How could I bear it!"

"No discussions, please, Hermia." She put up her hand. "Those are out of the question between you and me. You will go to your room, if you please, and remain there until I send for you."

Miss Hermia had risen to hear her sentence. "I will do as you wish," she said, and turned, and reached the door. There she stopped for a moment, and came swiftly back.

"I must tell you this—" she spoke with passion. "You will do a great injustice to Harriet if you suppose that she knows anything of what I have done. Nobody knows of it but you."

"You forget Vernour and his family, I think," said Lady Morfa, and sent the blood to her cheeks.

"Naturally I don't forget the person to whom I had to go. But neither he, nor Harriet, nor any one in the world knew that I intended what I have done; nor did I know it until last night. So that Harriet——"

Lady Morfa nodded sharply. "I believe you. I cannot suppose that you would have told anybody whom you believed to be sane that you intended what you tell me you have done. And since you seem to be in doubt, I don't mind assuring you that I am not in the habit of speaking to Moon about your affairs or my own."

Hermia still stood, hovering, as it were, on the edge of tears. A look or a gesture would have brought her down, her face in the old woman's lap. Her

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story would have been sobbed out, her wondrous good reasons, and her wondrous bad ones. And it is very possible—I speak with reverence—that Lady Morfa's eyes were dangerously charged; that Lady Morfa, had she dared, would have opened her arms. But she could not for the life of her. Hers was that nature which must wear a mask or feel naked. To have tears is as shameful as to be drunk; in each case you exhibit yourself as you are, instead of as you intend to be—and that's the unforgivable act. It is a mistake to think that either she or her grandchild was unemotional; each went vibrating with emotion. The only difference in the pride they both owned to was that where the elder would never admit to feeling what was asked of her, the younger would never deny it. So there stood one with her heart in her hands, and there sat the other with hers in a cage—and the tale goes on.

In a few seconds more Miss Chambre was out of the door, and upstairs; and all that Harriet could learn was that she was in her own rooms, and would remain there for the present.

The daily and nightly round of Caryll House was not to be disturbed by the incredible acts of a little Miss Chambre; but, nevertheless, Lady Morfa was more perturbed than she could have ever been brought to confess. Metaphorically she may be said to have lifted up her hands at a thing which passed belief. And she saw it, mind you, at its full value; it was no mere silly gush of a school-girl. Had it been so, a day or two's bread and water would have requited it. No, but it had a symbolical force; it was a surrender of the whole Whig position to a beleaguering horde whose mass and momentum she felt as keenly as anybody. It was an act of treachery from within quite beyond experience. The man Vernour was a Radical, known to be a Radical, supported by the whole reforming Press. She had taken her stand against him from the outset; she had strained the law—she knew that; she had not disdained the assistance of the official enemy to combat this new invasion, which she could see was far more serious to her order than a whole countryside of Tories. And she had won—she had stooped and won. And now she was betrayed into the hands of her foes in such a way that she could not even cry out against the traitor. She could do nothing; she was perfectly powerless. If she treated Hermia as she deserved, she would exhibit the magnitude of her own defeat; if she overlooked the affair, she must admit her knowledge of her own deserts. Never was an ancient and great lady in such a quandary.

The daily and nightly round, however, went on undisturbed. Great persons came and went, diners, callers; great assemblies heard the Countess of Morfa announced from hall to stair, from stair-foot to stair-head, and thrilled, or were believed to thrill as of old. The Earl went to Brighton; Lord Crowland did not, perhaps, observe that one pretty girl was absent from the long table, nor Mr. Rogers that there was a laughter the less. Mr. Aloysius Banks, dining at Caryll House for the first time in his vexed progress up the shining ranks of the Constitution, may have regretted that his "lovely friend" could not admire his triumph—but only for a moment. He admired it too sincerely himself to need any assistance. "Lady Morfa, in whose company I happened to be dining," or "dining at Caryll House the other day"—fine phrases. It is possible even that Mr. Banks may have learned something of her escapade—for the thing spread about town, as we shall see—and may have accorded himself a delicate mission with regard to it. There was a paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle* of a late April issue which seems plausibly his. "Those leaders of faction, whose attacks upon a noble house, by the very excess of their rancour, so singularly failed, have now renewed them in a more insidious form. Having failed to *destroy,* they now seek to *divide.* It has been freely said, in journals which it would be unbecoming to name, that," etc. etc. . . . "We are assured by those best entitled to judge that no member of the exalted house in question has taken leave of his senses, and need hardly add that, had he done so, Mr. Cobbett would be the last person to be apprised of it." Not unskilfully steered by any means: he may be congratulated.

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But are we, I wonder, to congratulate Miss Harriet Moon, when, not long after the incarceration of her friend, she goes up Brook Street on an errand of her own? That is what she did; and more: she went unerringly to the wicket-gate of Vernour and Son, and passed it. She braved the pale young man in the glass case, and asked to see Mr. David Vernour. Mr. David was in, and was not long in presenting himself, either. She fancied that his face fell; her own was charmingly apologetic.

She begged pardon for interrupting Mr. Vernour, but imagined that Miss Chambre must have left her sunshade behind her when she called a few days ago. A white silk sunshade, ivory handled, silk tassels. It was not to be found at Caryll House, and it was almost certain that she had had it in her hand. Miss Moon was positive—nearly positive—that she had seen it.

Mr. Venour denied the sunshade. Not only was it not here, but Miss Chambre had not carried it. Had she asked for it?

No, Miss Moon could not say that. In fact, she had not been able to see Miss Chambre since that day. Miss Chambre had returned to Caryll House and had at once seen Lady Morfa—since which time she had been in her apartments. Miss Moon's brown eyes were very large at this minute, largely enquiring of the shop and the carcases of beasts which it contained—largely apprehensive and sympathetic; and they lighted presently upon Mr. Vernour's and were perceived to be dewy.

Vernour was observed by her to be very red, and to be frowning. She had reason to complain of his tone, which was short—almost surly.

"I trust that Miss Chambre is well?"

"Oh, indeed, I trust she is. She is my dear friend. And she was in the highest spirits on the day of our walk."

"I need not tell you, madam, that her welfare is much to us here." He spoke with difficulty.

"No, indeed; that is very natural," said Miss Harriet. "She is—you will understand—liable to alternations of feeling. Those who love her can allow for that; but some complain of it. She is not easy to understand." And then Miss Moon sighed.

CHAPTER XIV

IN WHICH WE HAVE TWO NOBLE SUITORS AT THE GATES

In divers ways and by sundry persons the imprisoned fair was impressed upon her grandmother until it came really to this, that to keep her confined was almost as preposterous as her offence had been. But before she had been there much more than a week certain things occurred which made her enlargement a question of hours.

It seems, then, that she had been missed from the dinner-table after all by some of her acquaintance, and that my Lord Sandgate was one who had missed her. A week after her disgrace this gentleman, a widower of five years' standing, a man of substance and weight in the country, called upon Lady Morfa and asked leave in form to pay Miss Chambre his addresses. He frankly admitted that his acquaintance with her was slight and his resolution to improve it sudden. But if he was quick to make up his mind, he dared say that he was slow to change it. His political opinions were well known to her ladyship, and he was not without grounds of belief that Miss Chambre coincided with them. He believed that the proposals he could make would be found perfectly satisfactory, had no doubt that he should be the most fortunate of men, and—paused for a reply. Such a serious offer made Lady Morfa serious. She promised to consider it; she told Lord Sandgate that she was flattered. It was not at all true, but she could hardly say less, knowing in her heart that it ought to be true. The man was a great gentleman and a weighty; Radical or not, he would assuredly be an earl. And when he left her, which he shortly did in a very dignified manner, she did consider him and his proposal together; and, though he got no benefit out of that, the girl did, for she had to be considered also. It became a pressing question whether an impertinence beyond belief was sufficient reason for shutting up a very possible peeress.

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A few days later on another gentleman, ignorant of the first offer, came to woo. This was Tom Rodono, another Member of Parliament, another eldest son, a man of fashion and all the rest of it. Lady Morfa now felt that she was being made ridiculous: and that settled it.

Lord Rodono, when he was given to understand by Miss Harriet Moon that Hermia Mary was in disgrace, jumped at once to the nature of her offence. He remembered her look of fury at the dinner-party, when Mervyn Touchett dined his last at that table. "She's made a scene about Vernour. With a spirit! What a flame of a girl!" He knew that he was in love with her; he had known it for a long time; but he didn't guess how much he wanted her until he was told by Lady Morfa that it was out of the question. She was tolerant of him, good-humoured—for, after all, the proposal was not bad—and put on more manner than she generally affected. "My dear lord, your sentiments do you credit. Hermia is very much honoured—very much honoured, I am bound to say. But I must not disguise from you that I have other views—family interest, family claims, indeed—for the child. She is very young, quite unformed, and rather headstrong—that, no doubt, you have seen for yourself; and, of course, her education has not been all that one could wish. Her poor father—perhaps I need not speak of Colonel Chambre. You know my opinion upon subjects in which he—most unfortunately—poor man! But with regard to Hermia, you will forgive me if I don't mention this kind, this very honourable proposition of yours to her—let us say, for the present, at any rate. The child is not one-and-twenty until October, and is in my charge for another four years. Meantime, I trust so entirely in your discretion and—you will allow me?—good sense, that I hope we shall lose none of the intercourse which has been so pleasant, not only to Roderick and myself, but to Hermia also."

He had expected no less. "A thousand thanks, my lady," he said lightly. "No, I hope to see as much of Caryll House as Caryll House will put up with. Don't be afraid that I shall go behind your authority, ma'am. That's not the way of it, I assure you."

"Of course, of course, my dear lord. I know with whom I have to deal." She was perfectly gracious to the poor gentleman—who felt more poorly than he cared to own. A waiting game, eh? He was in for a spell of Jacob's wooing. But that rascally Jacob permitted himself consolation which Lord Rodono now felt to be impossible for him. Five years for Hermia! Yes, but that glorious young creature to be kept five years! He knew his chance was of the slenderest. Meanwhile, where on earth had old Mother Morfa got her in ward?

He put in a word or two in mitigation of her supposed offence, spoke of his father and sister, who had fallen in love with her. "You might spare her to Grizel now and again, my lady. She'll be safe with her, I know, and be well out of this fly-blown town. No politics at Petersham, I promise you."

That was unlucky. Lady Morfa bristled, became bird-like. "Politics, Lord Rodono! Politics—and a child in her teens! No politics anywhere for my granddaughter, I can assure you."

"I'm with you there, my lady," said Rodono. "It's a grubby business for a lady's fingers." He had said more than he need, as he saw, and took leave. Coming out, he found Harriet close to the door, and made her jump.

"Ha, Miss Harriet, so I have caught you, have I?" He wasn't very fond of this young lady, and allowed himself to be blunt with her.

Miss Harriet put her hand to her side. "Oh, Lord Rodono, I was just——"

"I know you were, Miss Harriet; I know you were."

"I made sure that I heard her ladyship's bell. Indeed, I——"

"Don't be afraid, my dear. I shan't bite—my teeth are out. Let me know if I can be of any use, though I believe you'll have Miss Hermy out before long, and you may tell her that I told you so."

"But I am not allowed to see her, Lord Rodono—and I don't know what it can have been." This must surely have been added for practice.

"Nor I, and I wish to heaven I did. I'll send Lady Grizel to her—but she'll

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be out in a day or two, I fancy." And away he went to his tilbury.

The two noble gentlemen, unconsciously rival, met in the House that warm afternoon, and yawned together upon the roomy benches of the Opposition. A dreary debate was in progress of the usual kind—of that kind which made Captain Ranald long for a pike, "to end the cackling and get something done." Mr. Percival was voicing his lamentations over some betrayal of "the generous instincts, the warm-hearted motions so creditable to his right honourable friend"; Lord Castlereagh was trimming his nails; Mr. Canning, showing his teeth, pretended a smile. The debts of Walcheren were massing, and soon must be met.

Lord Sandgate handed a *Weekly Register,* folded, to Rodono. "Seen that, Tom?" Rodono, his hat over his eyes, began to read languidly, but was soon keenly interested.

"An act of Carylldom has lately come to my notice, an act done to Mr. Vernour the butcher, of which I candidly confess I had not believed that precious house capable. But I was wrong, and offer my apologies—where they are due." Mr. Cobbett proceeded to nail down the facts—facts which we know. "Mr. Vernour, in the course of his business, one day last week received a visit from a personage—a young personage of high rank," etc.

He named no names, he was sedulously reserved. "This," he concluded, "I declare to be a royal act in the true sense of a word sadly out of season just now. And I will say rather, for that reason, that it is an heroic act, worthy of him who served his prisoner on his knees, great Edward's greater son. This, in fact, was an *uncommonly spirited affair,* conducted by the last Caryll in the world whom one could have thought had dared it. I could give a name if need were—but no! Let me learn from the act and the actors in it to emulate their own modesty; let nothing I may write infringe upon the sacred prerogative of youth, innocence, and beauty."

Rodono read that twice with heightened colour. It told him all.

Sandgate was watching him keenly. "Know who that is?" The other nodded. "It could only be one of them. Yes, yes, I know." And then he jerked his foot out, and let his head sink into his breast. "By heaven! I can't touch her hem! I'm not fit——" was his thought; but to Lord Sandgate he said, "You know that she could do it?"

Sandgate now nodded. "She could do more than that . . . and that old bitch-wolf has her locked up! . . . Cobbett must be told—I'll tell him. . . . By Gad, sir, we'll shame the old woman into honesty."

They resumed the subject at Brooks's. Lord Sandgate was for a meeting between Cobbett and Miss Chambre. "I should like to see her catch fire. By heaven, Tom, she could lead an army in the field—or to Windsor! We'll have our revolution yet."

Rodono declared himself. "I'm a victim. She's recruited me—but I shall have to wait. Mother Morfa won't look at me."

"Nor at me, damn her!" said his friend. Rodono looked up. "What, you too?"

"Yes," said Sandgate, "and I feel like wasting the world for a glance of her eyes." This grave gentleman, who sat nursing his leg, was very much in earnest. "It's a great game—to serve the like of her, Tom. She's got the air of a young Amazon—spoiling for it."

"War's in her blood, I'll allow you."

"And service in mine. To hold, as it were, her armour, hand it in piece by piece—the greaves, the cuisses, the breastplate, and gorget. Picture her, sir, *cap-à-pie!* To gird on the sword, and put the spear in the young mailed hand!"

"Damn it, Sandgate, I'm with you there!"

"I'd like to run at her stirrup," said Lord Sandgate. "She's a Maid of Orleans—she's a Virgin-Saviour—she's one to die for! She's got eyes like a midsummer eve—eyes with fires dancing in 'em—eyes alight. To have seen her in that butcher's shop!"

Lord Rodono could not follow his friend so far. "No, no, Sandgate, keep her away from the mob. She's too fine for that. To have done it once—to show

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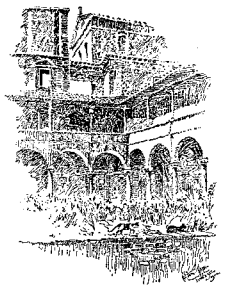
her mettle—that's enough. But lead her into this filthy trade we're at, she'll draggle. Cobbett—Cobbett and her!—is he man enough, gentleman enough?"

"She's a cut above gentlemen, my friend," said Lord Sandgate, very sure of himself; "she's got hands too fine for kid gloves. It's a man she must cope with—a man of ten thousand."

He grew excited; he rose and stood, back to the grate. "She shall meet Cobbett and all his men. She shall see old square-cut Cartwright—Burdett—Wolsely—old Tooke, the keen old spider. She shall see the lot, and hear 'em at their bloodiest. I'll back her. Let her be the test—if they pass through her fire, they're men. She's of a rare breed—not a woman, but a flame! And now I'll go to bed."

"If she's not a woman, then it's certain that I'm not a man," said Rodono to himself. And back he too stalked to Park Place, where he lodged.

(To be continued.)



HORACE, BOOK I, ODE 4

AD L. SEXTIUM

"Solvitur acris hiems——"

Spring is the season for poetry;
  Winter the weather for prose.
Look at me lying below a tree—
  I think of yesterweek's snows!

Winter, the weather for prose,
  Wind of the summer-time banishes.
Ay, think of yesterweek's snows,
  And how mortality vanishes.

Wind of the summer-time banishes
  Cattle and farmer to field,
And—how mortality vanishes!
  Notice the thought I've concealed.

Cattle and farmer to field;
  Venus attends allegorically.
Notice the thought? I've concealed
  Art, as it were, metaphorically.

Venus attends allegorically,
  Nymphs do a neat song and dance.
Art, as it were, metaphorically
  Wedded to Love and Romance.

Nymphs, do a neat song and dance!
  Sextius, my lad, Life is Brevity
Wedded to Love—and Romance.
  Death puts an end to our levity.

Sextius, my lad, life is brevity;
  Work it for all it is worth.
Death puts an end to our levity.
  Life is the best thing on earth.

Work it for all it is worth—
  Look at *me*. Lying below a tree,
Life is the best thing on earth—
  This is the season for Poetry.

—*Franklin P. Adams.*

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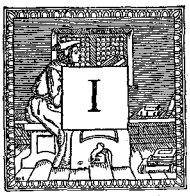
NEW ENGLAND—AN ENGLISH IMPRESSION*



F in a country town we find an Inn called New, it is a sure sign of ancientry. The fresh and fragrant name survives the passing centuries. It clings to the falling house long after it has ceased to have an intelligible meaning. Taverns with a nobler sign and more arrogant aspect obscure its simpler merits. But there is a pride in its name, a dignity in its age, which a changing fashion will never destroy. And as it is with Inns, so it is with countries. New is an epithet redolent of antiquity. The province which once was, and is still called, New England, is very old America. It cannot be judged by the standards which are esteemed in New York or Chicago. The broad stream of what is called progress has left it undisturbed in its patient backwater. It recks as little of sky-scrapers as of transportation. Its towns are not ashamed of being villages, and the vanity which it cherishes is not the vanity of shapeless size, but the rarer vanity of a quiet and decent life.

No sooner does the English traveller leave Boston for the north than he enters what seems a familiar country. The towns which he passes, the rivers which he crosses, bear names to prove the faithful devotion the old adventurers felt for the land which they left. If they sought their fortune across the ocean, they piously preserved the names of other days. Austere as the early Puritans were, bitterly as they smarted under what they supposed a political grievance, they did not regard the land of their origin with the fierce hatred which has sometimes inspired their descendants. The love of the New did not extinguish the love of the Old England. In Appledore and Portsmouth, in London and Manchester, in Newcastle and Dover, the ancient sentiment lives and breathes. And the New Englanders, proud of their source, are proud also of their blood, which they have kept as pure as their character from the contamination of the foreigner. Fortunately for itself New England is a "back number." There is nothing in its peaceful recesses to tempt the cosmopolitan horde which throngs the great cities of America. The hope of gain is there as small as the opportunity of gambling. A quiet folk, devoted to fishery and agriculture, is not worth plundering.

So it is in New England, if anywhere, that you may surprise the true-born American, and when you have surprised him, he very much resembles your own compatriot. His type and gesture are as familiar to you as his surroundings. Slow of speech and movement, he has not yet acquired the exhausting, purposeless love of speed which devours the more modern cities. He goes about his work as though he knew that there are four-and-twenty hours in the day. And as he is not driven by haste, he has time even for civility. He does not address a stranger with the familiarity which elsewhere amazes the traveller. In brief, though he know it not, and perhaps would resent it if he knew it, he is still influenced by his origin. He has not lost the high seriousness, the fierce fanaticism, which characterised his ancestors.

His towns, in aspect and sentiment, are not unlike himself. Take Portsmouth, for instance, which has not the same reason for self-consciousness as Salem or Concord, and has therefore retained its authentic features. You might easily match it in Kent or Essex. The open space in the centre of the town, the Athenæum—in style, name, and purpose, alike English, are of another age and country than their own. There is a look of trim elegance everywhere, which refreshes the eye, and over the streets there broods an immemorial peace, which even the echoing clangour of the Navy Yard cannot dispel. The houses, some

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of wood, after the Colonial manner, others of red brick, plain in their neatness, are in perfect harmony with their surroundings. Nothing is awry: nothing is out of place. And so severely consistent is the impression of age, that down on the sunlit quay, flanked by the lofty warehouses, whose roofs descend by corbie-steps, you are surprised not to see the high-prowed galleons of the seventeenth century.

And, best of all, there is the quiet, simple Church of St. John, English in feeling as in origin. Though rebuilt a hundred years ago, on the site of an earlier church, it has remained loyal to its history, and is the true child of the eighteenth century. Is it not fitting that the communion-plate presented by Queen Caroline should be treasured here; that the sexton should still show you, even with a cold indifference, the stately prayer-books which once contained prayers for the king; that a bell, captured at Louisburg by Sir William Pepperell, should summon to the worship of God a people long forgetful of that proud achievement? All these are evidences of the innate unconscious conservatism of New England, which, despite the common theory of progress, has not been able to triumph over its past.

Thus for three hundred years Portsmouth has lived the happy life of a country town, and its historian sadly notes that until 1900 its population did not rise to 10,000. The historian need feel no regret; it is not by numbers that we may measure the stateliness of a city; and the dignity of Portsmouth is still plain for all to behold in the houses of Governors Wentworth and Langdon. And after this long spell of fortunate obscurity, Portsmouth became suddenly the centre of universal interest. It was by a curious irony that this little, old-fashioned town was chosen to be the meeting-place of Russia and Japan, that the first experiment in modern diplomacy should have been made in a place which has sacrificed nothing to a love of that intoxicant known as the spirit of the age. It was, indeed, a strange sight that Portsmouth saw a brief two years ago. Before its troubled eyes the stern business of diplomacy was turned to comedy. A hundred and twenty eager reporters publicly put up their support for sale in exchange for information to the highest bidder. The representative of a great nation was heard boasting to the gentlemen of the press of his own prowess. "The Japanese could not read in my face," said M. Witte, "what was passing in my heart." Isn't it wonderful? Would not the diplomatists of another age be ashamed of their *confrère* could they hear him bragging of a rudimentary and long since dishonoured *finesse?* But the mere fact that M. Witte could make such a speech on American soil is a clear proof that the New World is not the proper field of diplomacy. The congresses of old were gay and secret. "Le congrès," said the Prince de Ligne at Vienna, "ne marche pas; il danse." The Congress at Portsmouth did not talk—it chattered; and it was an open injustice to the unbroken tradition of New England that President Roosevelt should have chosen this austere and ancient spot for a fruitless experiment in diplomacy by journalism.

Across the river lies Kittery, still more remote from the world of greed and competition than Portsmouth. Here at last you discover what so often eludes you in America—the real countryside. The rough pleasant roads like English lanes, the beautiful wooden houses half hidden amid towering trees, and the gardens (or yards, as they are called) not trim, like our English gardens, but of an unkempt beauty all their own—these, with the memory of a gracious hospitality and an old friendship, will never fade from my mind. There is nothing at Kittery save an electric trolley and the motor engines of the fishing-boats to suggest the bustle of to-day. Here is Fort McClary, a block-house built two centuries ago to stay the incursion of the Indians. There is the house of Pepperell, the hero of Louisburg. Thus, rich in old associations, happy in its present seclusion, Kittery has a kind of personal charm, which is intensified by an obvious and striking contrast.

To go from Newport to Kittery is to pass from the New World to the Old. Not even New York gives you a more vivid impression of the inappropriateness which is America's besetting sin, than

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Newport, whose gay inhabitants are determined, at all costs, to do the wrong thing, in an inapposite manner. In the first place the mansions, which are called "cottages" in vulgar humility, are entirely out of proportion to their place and purpose. Here you see a house as large as Chatsworth, bleak and treeless, with nothing to separate it from its ambitious neighbours but a wooden palisade. It gives you the impression that it has lost its park, and that its lodges have been mislaid. There you see a massive pile, whose castellated summit resembles nothing else than a county jail. But nowhere is there a possibility of ambush, nowhere a frail hint of secrecy. In the second place the people of Newport is resolved to live up to its inappropriate environment. As it rejoices in the wrong kind of house, so it delights in the wrong sort of costume. The vulgar luxury of the place is expressed in a thousand strange antics. A new excitement is added to sea-bathing by the ladies, who face the waves in all the bravery of powdered cheeks and Parisian hats. To return unsullied from the encounter is a proof of the highest skill. Is it not better to preserve a deftly poised hat from the mere contact of the waves than to be a tireless and intrepid swimmer?

Newport, in fact, has been haunted by a sort of ill luck. It has never been able to make the best of itself. There was a time when its harbour bid fair to rival the harbour of New York, and when its inhabitants fondly believed that all the great ships of the world would find refuge under the noble shadow of Rhode Island. And again, Newport possessed in herself all the elements of beauty. Whatever exquisite colour and perfect situation could give, was hers. What more can the eyes of man desire than green lawns and an incomparable sea? And there is still the old town to link the prosperity of to-day with the romance of yesterday. And there are scented hedges of honeysuckle and roses. And all of no avail. The early comers to Newport, it is true, understood that a real cottage of wood was in harmony with the place. They built their houses to the just scale of the landscape, and had they kept their own way, how happy would have been the result. But beauty gave way to fashion; wealth usurped the sovereignty of taste; size was mistaken for grandeur, —and the millionaire disfigured Newport to his whim.

And so it ceased to be a real place. It became a mere collection of opposing mansions and quarrelsome styles. If the vast "cottages," which raise their heads higher and higher in foolish rivalry, were swept away, no harm would be done. They are there by accident, and they will last only so long as a wayward fashion tolerates their presence. Kittery, on the other hand, cannot be abolished by caprice of taste. It is a village which has its roots in the past, and whose growth neither wealth nor progress has obscured. Above all, it possesses the virtue, great in towns as in men, of sincerity. It has not cut itself loose from its beginnings; its houses belong harmoniously to itself; and it has retained through two centuries the character of the old colonial days. Nor is it without an historical importance. Great names cling about it. The men of Kittery fought on many a hard-won field against French and Indians, and retired though it be from the broad stream of commerce and progress, it cannot wholly dissipate the memory of loyal devotion to the crown and of military glory.

Its hero is Sir William Pepperell, soldier and merchant, whose thrift and prowess were alike remarkable. The son of a Tavistock fisherman, who pursued fortune in the New World with equal energy and success, he still further advanced his house in wealth and circumstance. Accustomed from boyhood to the dangers of Indian warfare, he was as apt for arms as for arts, and it is characteristic of the time and place that this prosperous merchant should be known to fame as the commander of a triumphant expedition. It was in 1745 that his chance came. For many years Louisburg had afforded harbourage to French privateers, who had harried the coast of New England and captured rich cargoes of merchandise. At last Governor Shirley of Massachusetts resolved to attack it, and we may judge of the esteem in which Pepperell was held, by the fact that he was appointed to lead an expedi-

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tion against a fortress deemed impregnable by the French, at any rate, and known as the Dunkirk of America. His selection was a tribute not merely to his courage, but to his tact. No man of his time was better fitted to control the conflicting tempers of the colonial militia, and set forth at the head of his 4000 men under the best auspices. Being a Puritan in command of Puritans, he quickened the bravery of his comrades by a show of religious zeal. He made it plain that he was engaged in a war against papistry, and he asked George Whitefield, then in America, for a motto. "Nil desperandum, Christo duce," said the preacher, and thus heartened, the little fleet set sail on its triumphant journey. At first sight the contest seemed unequal. On one side was Duchambre, an experienced soldier, defending a fortress which had long been thought invincible. On the other was a plain merchant in command of no more than 4000 militiamen. But the very simplicity of Pepperell's attack ensured its success. He sailed into the harbour without warning and without fear, in the very eye of the French artillery, landed his men, and began a siege, which resulted, after six weeks, in the reduction of Louisburg. It was a gallant feat of arms, and our only regret is that a foolish Government declined to take advantage of that colonial victory. Three years later Louisburg was wickedly restored to France in exchange for certain advantages in India, and a foolish policy obscured for a while at least the eminent services of William Pepperell.

But the victor of Louisburg is to-day not without fame—save in his own country. Fortunately for himself, Pepperell died before the War of the Revolution, and did not see the ruin which overtook his family. The property which had passed into the hands of his grandchildren was confiscated. They were guilty of loyalty to the crown and country for which their ancestor had fought, and the third generation was saved from the poorhouse "by the bounty of individuals, on whom they had no claims for favour." In other words, Pepperell's memory was dishonoured because in serving New England he had worn the king's uniform. In the eyes of the newly emancipated treachery was retrospective. Pepperell's biographer explains his sin and its punishment with a perfect clarity. "The eventful life of Sir W. Pepperell," he writes, "closed a few years before the outbreak of the Revolution. Patriotism in his day implied loyalty and fidelity to the King of England; but how changed the meaning of that word in New England after the Declaration of Independence. Words and deeds before deemed patriotic were now traitorous, and so deeply was their moral turpitude impressed in the public mind as to have tainted popular opinions concerning the heroic deeds of our ancestors, performed in the King's service in the French Wars. . . . The War of the Revolution absorbed and neutralised all the heroic fame of the illustrious men that preceded, and the achievements of Pepperell, of Johnson, and of Bradstreet are now almost forgotten." These words were written in 1855, and they have not yet lost their truth.

For us this forgetfulness is not easily intelligible. It is our habit to attach ourselves closely to the past. If there have been conflicts, they have left no rancour, no bitterness. The winner has been modest, the loser magnanimous. The centuries of civil strife which devastated England imposed no lasting hostility. Nobody to-day cares whether his ancestor was Cavalier or Roundhead. The keenest royalist is willing to acknowledge the splendid prowess and the political genius of Cromwell. But the Americans have taken another view. They would, if they could, discard the bonds which unite them with England. For the mere glamour of independence they would sacrifice the glory of the past. They would even assume an hostility to their ancestors because these ancestors were of English blood. They seem to believe that if they forget their origin persistently enough it will be transformed. The top of their ambition would be reached if they could suppose that they were autochthonous, that they sprang into being fully armed upon American soil. It irks them to think that other races have had a hand in creating "God's own country," and they are happiest when they can convince themselves that

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a man changes his heart and his mind as well as his sky when he leaves Europe for America. And so they pursue the policy of the ostrich. They bury the head of their past in the sandy desert of the present, and hope that nobody will detect what is partially concealed.

In the Church of St. John at Portsmouth there is, as I have said, an English prayer-book from which the page containing the prayers for the king has been violently torn. This incident symbolises very aptly the attitude of America. The country has not yet recovered from the hostility which it once professed to George III. It assumes that a difference of policy always implies a moral taint. The American colonies broke away from the mother country; therefore George III. was a knave, whose name may not be mentioned without dishonour, and all the brave men who served him in serving the colonies are discredited also. It is not quite clear why this feeling has been kept alive so long. Perhaps the violent rhetoric of the Declaration of Independence had aided its survival. Perhaps, too, the sense of gravity, which always overtakes the American public man when he considers what these States have achieved, is not without its weight. But whatever the cause, it is certain that shame and animosity still exist on the other side of the ocean. Shame for noble deeds accomplished by brave men, animosity against a loyal antagonist, who long ago forgot the ancient quarrel and its consequence.

And yet the force and habit of tradition cannot forcibly be shaken off. Though New England, in forgetting the heroes who fought under British colours, has attempted to break the continuity of history, it is in New England where the links in the ancient chain are most stoutly coupled. Though all the prayer-books in the world be destroyed, the marks of its origin will still be stamped indelibly upon the face of New England. The very dourness which persuades these stern men to look with regret upon their beginnings is but a part of the puritanical character which drove them to take refuge in a foreign land. Hard and fanatical as they were, when they left England they did intensify their hard fanaticism in the new country. For there they were all of one party, and their children grew up without the wholesome stimulant of opposition. And if perchance one or two strayed from the fold of strict allegiance, the majority was cruel in punishment. They became persecutors for what they believed was righteousness' sake, and their cruelty was the more severe because it was based, as they believed, upon a superior morality. And so they grew, as an American historian has said, to hate the toleration for which they once fought, to deplore the liberty of conscience for whose sake they were ready to face exile. What in themselves they praised for liberty and toleration, they denounced in others as carelessness or heresy. So they cultivated a hard habit of thought; so they esteemed too seriously the efforts they made in the cause of freedom; so they still exaggerate the importance of the Revolution, which to-day they might surely regard with a cold and dispassionate eye.

But if in a certain pitilessness of character the New Englanders are more English than the English, they still resemble the Puritans of the seventeenth century in their love of a well-ordered life. It was in their towns and villages that the old colonial life flourished to the wisest purpose. The houses which they built, and which still stand, are the perfection of elegance and comfort. The simplicity of their aspect is matched by the beauty which confronts you when once you have crossed the threshold. The columns which flank the porch, the pilasters which break the monotony of the wooden walls, are but a faint indication of the elegance within. Like the palaces of the Moors, they reserve the best of themselves for the inside, and reveal all their beauty only to their intimates. The light staircases, with turned rails and lyre-shaped ends; the panelled rooms; the dainty fireplaces, adorned with Dutch tiles; the English furniture, which has not left its first home; the spacious apartments, of which the outside gives no warning,—these give a quiet dignity, a pleasant refinement, to the colonial houses which no distance of

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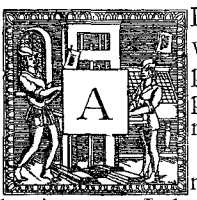
time or space can impair. There is a house at Kittery of which the beams were cut there in the forest, were sent to England to be carved and shaped, and were then returned to their native woodland to be fashioned into a house. Thus it belongs to two countries, and thus it is emblematic of the New Englanders who dwell about it, and who, owing their allegiance to a new country, yet retain the impress of a character which was their ancestors' in the old country almost three centuries ago.

Charles Whibley.

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC SCHOOLS

I



A LEADING English actor who attended a student performance at the Empire Theatre recently remarked to a friend:

"I had no idea that so much could be done with beginners. I don't see how they manage it. We should have something of the sort in England. But I know of nothing like a regular school of acting there or elsewhere."

"How about the Conservatoire of Paris?" one will ask. Here is the famous dramatic school which will occur at once for comparison. But no such comparison, either to the advantage or disadvantage to the native schools, can be made. The Conservatoire is not given up to acting, and its histrionic department is only a part of an institution more especially devoted to music. Nor was the Conservatoire organised as a school at all, and it does not exist as such. Though it has produced some of the best actors and actresses that ever lived, and conferred upon them thereby a prestige unequalled by any other technical establishment in the world, there is at the disposal of its pupils no curriculum and no graded courses of study. The students remain the individual pupils of masters, who are generally professionals themselves in active service; and the prestige the Conservatoire bestows is made possible by their eminence, and because it is the repository of tradition and the recipient of a government grant. It is, in short, a national institution and represents a permanent artistic standard.

It is the teachers, then, and the institution itself which have made possible the great success of the Conservatoire. Of an organised plan of dramatic training there is nothing; the work is not arranged systematically, according to a collegiate plan, on the educational side, and to theatrical method on the practical side. Nor is there such a school elsewhere in Europe. For the first time, interestingly enough, a school of this description was founded here in America, where the state of the art of acting was, and still, on the whole, continues, of a character to call forth the derision of Europeans. The stock companies of Europe make such a school, if not unnecessary, at least not a conspicuous need; and it was the breaking up of the old stock system in America which first called attention to the want of a proper training school for actors. For in the stock companies the actors of the last generation served their apprenticeship, and the cessation of them disclosed that some kind of dramatic teaching on a similarly wide basis was demanded to bridge the great artistic gap between the going and the coming, the veterans and the recruits. Private instruction could not fill the bill; a beginner must have the chance to learn his business in an all-round way.

In 1884 Mr. Franklin Sargent, realis-

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ing this need, while he was dramatic instructor at the Madison Square Theatre, proceeded to carry out a plan which he had for some years been carefully maturing. It was this year that the old Lyceum Theatre was built, and here he established his school, with the facilities and use of the stage. The venture marked the first attempt to place the teaching of acting on the same footing as the teaching of anything else, and to give a school of acting the same status and method as any other educational institution. The Lyceum Theatre School became later the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and still later absorbed the Empire Theatre Dramatic School, a similar institution, which had in the meanwhile grown up.

Other schools followed in the steps of the pioneers. On the actual stage itself Mr. Sargent had spent very little time, but Mr. F. F. Mackay and Mrs. Stanhope-Wheatcroft, who conduct the two other leading dramatic schools, retired from successful careers to devote themselves to teaching. Mr. Mackay in particular was one of our best-known actors, and acquired substantial fame during his connection with Mrs. John Drew's company at the famous Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and with A. M. Palmer's company in the even more famous Union Square Theatre, where he originated the character of Pierre in *The Two Orphans*, in 1874.

Besides these schools, of course, there have always been sterling actors and actresses who give up some part of their time to pupils, pursuing thus the individual method of the Conservatoire. To the thorough training several years in duration of one of them, Miss Ada Dow, and to her fidelity and enthusiasm for a still longer period, our theatre owes one of its brightest ornaments—Miss Julia Marlowe. But not every teacher can find means to teach her fledgling the use of her wings on the actual stage itself, and the three schools above mentioned have solved the problem by bringing the stage to their pupils in public matinées at New York theatres. Mr. Mackay and Mrs. Wheatcroft give annual performances of plays and scenes, while Mr. Sargent presents his students half a dozen times during the season. These performances are in every sense public, and the student faces not only "the glamour of public applause, but the ordeal of press criticism."

II

The visitor who gropes his way, especially if it be a dark afternoon, before the lights are turned on, through the top halls of the Carnegie Building, has occasion to call to mind Dante stumbling among the *bolge* of the infernal regions. From all sides of the narrow cavern come dismal groans and shrieks, generally sustained at a pitch which seems to proceed from more than ordinary emotions. For the most part they are the single wails of vocal students, and the general effect of suffering is heightened by the staccato sobbings of many pianos executing difficult detached passages. But from certain quarters he is startled to hear concerted groans and cries in an unknown gibberish. Behind the closed door, however, is not, as he might suppose, a band of excited Choctaws in the act of declaring war against a neighbouring tribe, whose atrocities have shaken them out of their usual stolidity, but a very orderly set of young persons standing in a row, and, with much use of lip and cheek muscles, going through exercises in articulation. These are students of a school of acting. If the startled visitor should inquire if this is the way acting is taught, he would be told that this is the way one branch of it is taught, and that in other rooms he could see other stages of the process; but that this is the only way to learn to speak distinctly.

He could hear these young people emit all sorts of rumblings, growlings, shrieks, expostulations, beseechings, and menaces in tones ranging from bass to shrill treble, but all in the same outlandish language. It is a language composed of the ordinary sounds and articulations so combined as to require the utmost expertness to deliver distinctly. If one can curse or cajole in such a tongue, he may reasonably be expected to convey his emotions through any possible combination of English. Even Sordello would be plain speaking after a thorough command of the volapük these exercises ingeniously provide.

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THE MAKE-UP CLASS

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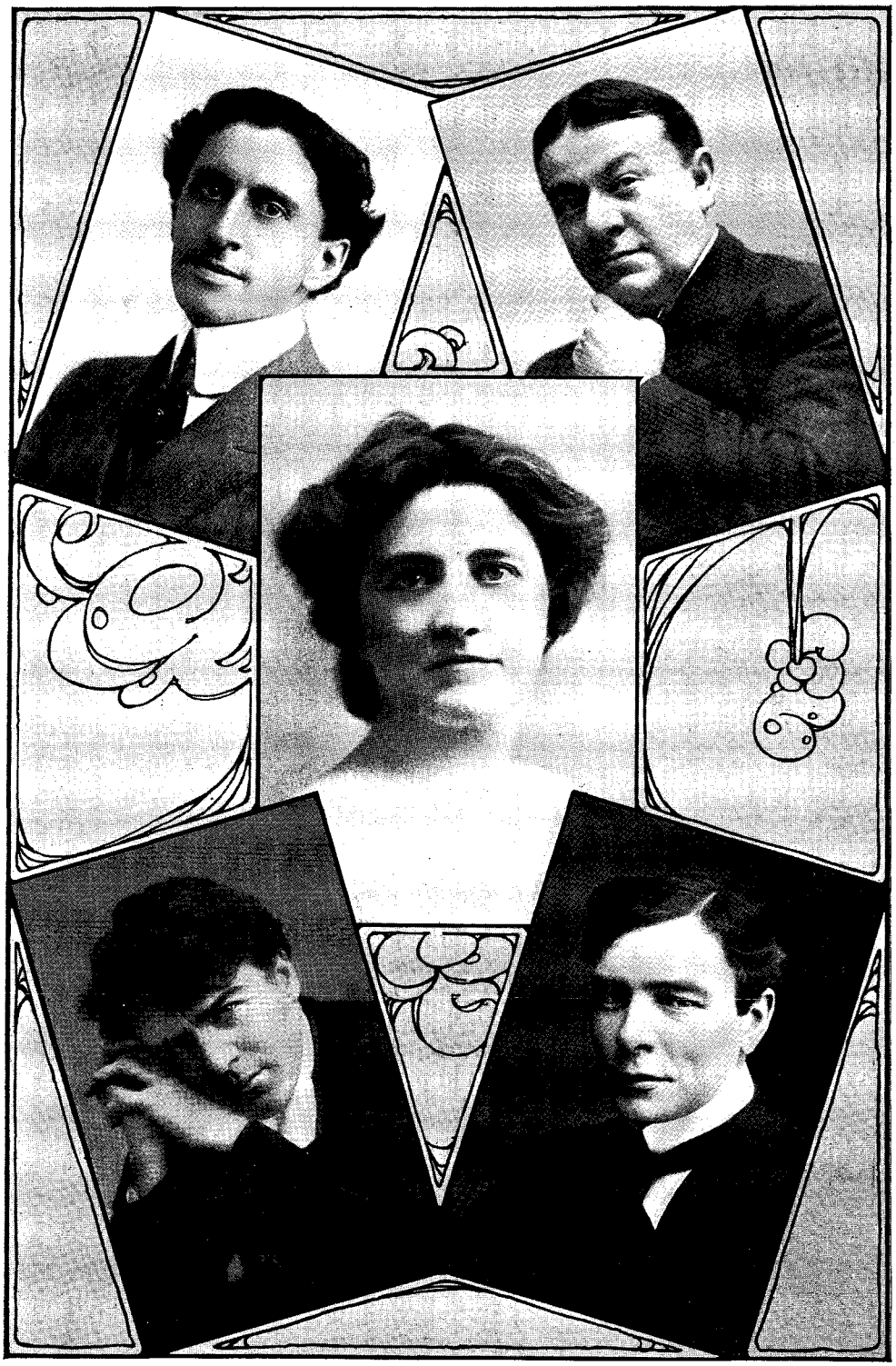

FREDERICK LEWIS
BRANDON TYNAN

GRACE KIMBALL

GEORGE FAWCETT
CAMPBELL GOLLAN

SOME DRAMATIC SCHOOL GRADUATES

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DOROTHY DORR
ADELAIDE KEIM

HARRIET FORD
JANE OAKER

FERNANDA ELISCU
DORIS KEENE

SOME DRAMATIC SCHOOL GRADUATES

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GRACE GEORGE
ALICE FISCHER

BLANCHE WALSH

LOUISE CLOSSER
IDA CONQUEST

SOME DRAMATIC SCHOOL GRADUATES

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ROBERT TABOR
JOHN BLAIR

DOROTHY TENNANT

MARGARET ANGLIN
WILLIAM C. DE MILLE

SOME DRAMATIC SCHOOL GRADUATES

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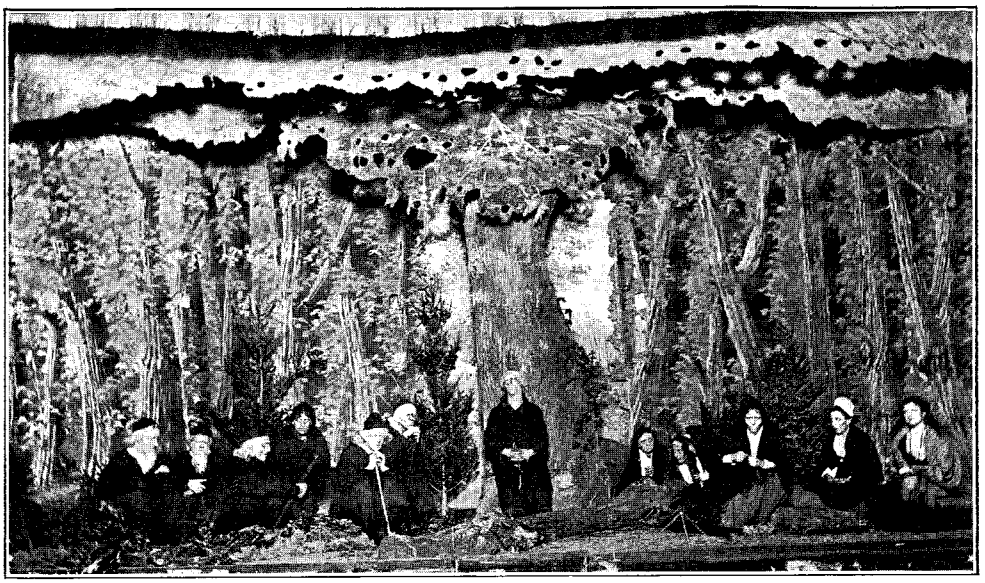

MAETERLINCK'S "LES AVEUGLES"

This was the first performance of Maeterlinck in America. Given by the students of the Sargent School

The hour up, the visitor could follow the pupils to another room, where they meet as the make-up class. Here a character is sketched to them in words or on the board by the instructor, and the students proceed to transform their faces into the face of the subject presented. Or one after the other they assume the facial guise of the parts in some play they are studying, from juvenile to old man, from "heavies" to "characters." Or they make themselves over into well-known comedy and racial types. At the long table backed with a mirror, and lighted in such a manner as to reproduce the effect of the footlights, each takes his seat, and with grease-paint, crêped hair and putty he changes and reforms his features at direction, or studies his own face in order to make the best of its possibilities and to neutralise its defects. Among the pupils wanders the instructor, supervising, suggesting, criticising, until the make-up class is over.

Ten minutes suffice to wipe off with cold cream the results of the hour, even from a face which has been successively coated with the seven ages of man one upon the other, and the students troop to another room to finish, perhaps, the dramatic reading of an act of *Macbeth* begun the week before. Here the words are analysed step by step with due regard to the character who utters them, and this conception is embodied by reading aloud. Then it is that the good effect of that training in fundamental sounds and combinations, which to the visitor sounded at first so fantastic, is apparent in the purity of diction and the ease and variety of delivery. But from one to the other is by no means an immediate step. Such training provided only the material, not the means of expression. These—inflection, colour, phrasing—must previously all have been studied by application to short extracts in ordinary prose and poetry. This intermediate stage of vocal expression has only gradually grown into the interpretation of dramatic writing, the basis of which is characterisation.

So much for the education of the voice; but the body, too, must go through a similar graded process. Acting means the use of muscles as well as of voice and mind. In the gymnasium, however, there is no apparatus other than a piano, for the object is not muscular development, but suppleness and harmony of action. Every part of the body must be free and responsive, auxiliary and subordinate. The exercises are arranged with this in

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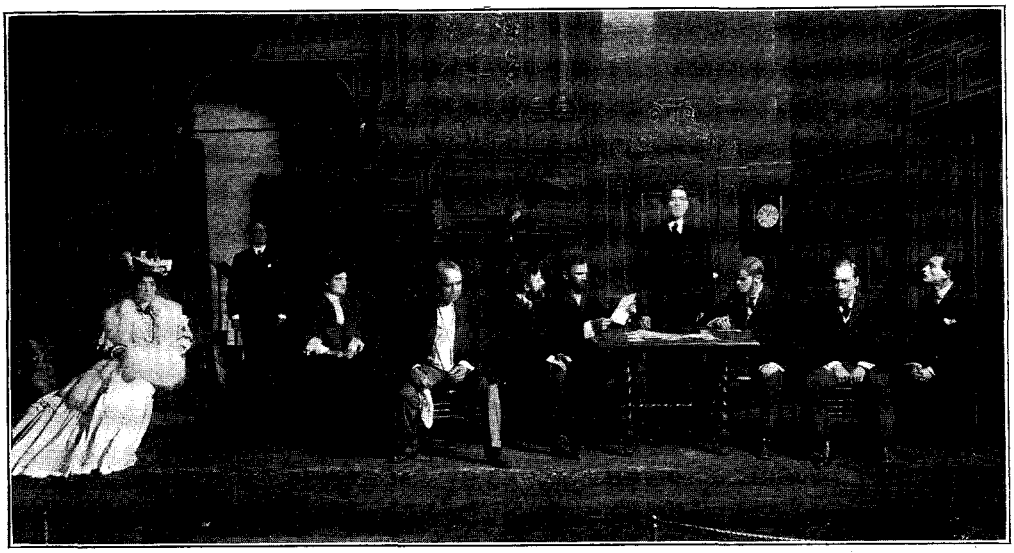

"THE MEASURE OF A MAN"

First given by the Sargent School and afterwards seen on the professional stage

"THE ELECTRA" OF SOPHOCLES

Produced by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in 1888 at the old Lyceum Theatre, and afterwards repeated at Harvard University by invitation of the Faculty

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BEN JONSON'S "THE SILENT WOMAN"

Given at Harvard by the Sargent pupils in the Elizabethan style, with men playing the women's parts, and with the undergraduates illustrating the play in the orchestra and in the audience on the stage. John Blair is the female figure in the centre

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mind, and are consequently practised to rhythm. Wrong physical habits are corrected and right ones are established; and when this result is accomplished, gymnastics are more or less supplanted by dancing and fencing. The old stage recipe for graceful carriage—learn to dance and fence—is gospel in the schools. Some of them lay more stress than others on dancing mistress and fencing master, but all of them familiarise their pupils with the various stage forms of dance and duel. All these exercises are performed in gymnasium togs, and the girls—of one school, at least—spend the entire day in bloomers, only whisking on a skirt to go out to a hasty lunch.

The body limbered up, the student advances into classes of dramatic action and pantomime. In the action class he performs by means of pantomimic scenes the movements which he has acquired with freedom, but more or less mechanically, in the gymnasium. There he learns to sit, bow, kneel, and handle stage properties, gracefully. But the expression of emotion itself comes in a more advanced stage of pantomime, and here emphasis is laid on feeling rather than on grace. Sometimes the students bring in their pantomime studied from life. This is an invention of Mr. Sargent's aiming to teach observation and reproduction by imitation. The importance of such training to make students see quickly and embody truthfully is inestimable. It makes them scour the streets for characters; for instance, during her season as a student, Ida Conquest brought in about a dozen newsboys as studies in the life class. Again, in pantomime, the same scene is illustrated one after another by each member, or scenes are performed in couples and in groups.

Then at last the student is ready for stage rehearsals. The three schools have all their private stages for daily use, and when a pupil is cast for a play he finds his "call" posted on the bulletin board just as in the regular theatre. The rehearsals are conducted in the same professional manner. He has a few days in which to go through his part book in hand, and then comes the announcement, "letter perfect." The stage manager sits in front and directs, and all things are conducted as on the professional stage—with one important exception. The student is never told how to speak his lines—the stage manager is there to correct, to suggest, to steer his conception of the part into the right channel—but that he must do for himself. This is only the final carrying out of the plan that has been pursued all along. In all the schools individuality is regarded as a sacred thing, and no violent hand is laid upon it. One is encouraged to think for himself. His tools have been simply put at his disposal; he has been taught merely how to use them rightly. The individual temperament has not been cramped; rather, its obstructions have been cleared away and it is at liberty for the first time to express itself.

III

Thus through an entirely occupied day of six hours or more the student goes. Besides his regular classes and rehearsals, he must put in some time at lectures on the theory and science of his art; or its pictorial side, costuming, colour, and decoration; on its historical and literary side, and on its psychological and spiritual side—all aiming to develop his intellectual appreciation and his imagination. Advanced pupils, who have finished the class work, have often several plays in rehearsal at once, in which case their working hours are even longer.

Like art students, the school of acting pupils form a little world of their own. All their days, of course, are spent together, and in the evenings, as tickets are often sent to the schools by the managers when there is room, they go to plays together. At the theatre they tell each other knowingly what the actors on the stage ought to have done. They live in the ebullient atmosphere of mutual criticism and endless theoretical argument of young people who are all trying to do the same thing. Naturally they drift at once into that easy familiarity of the sexes characteristic of all art schools where young men and women are brought together on equal terms. The girls outnumber the men two to one and even more, which, in casting the plays, at least, makes the men do double duty and get

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twice the opportunities. Possibly the reason that fewer men go to the schools than women is largely economic, possibly it is because more women are stage smitten; but the plaint of the schools is that of the summer resort—there are not enough men to go around.

Very early in their school career the students acquire the professional habit of seeking in every way to make their parts more prominent. Mr. John Blair's first rôle in the school, for instance, was an ordinary servant without a word to say. Seeking to attract attention by a physical character study at least, he came to dress rehearsal got up as a grey-haired retainer with his arm in a sling. This, of course, as quite out of the picture, he was not allowed to do, so perforce he turned his inventiveness into mental rather than physical lines, and achieved a legitimate characterisation, making the hit of the piece by the way he listened and showed his sympathy for the family he was serving.

Though the schools never guarantee engagements, they do their best to secure them, and place, in one way or another, most of their talented pupils on the stage. The proportion of those exhibiting talent is the same as in any other group of art students—about one-third. A much larger number than this, however, is provided with a chance to begin a career. Many of the students drop out after they have begun, and some few never get placed at all. Some, especially in Mr. Mackay's school, come to learn to be teachers of vocal expression rather than actors.

Considering what is offered and the corps of instructors, the tuition is by no means high. The cost of the six months' course ranges from $300 to $400. Aside from this there is in the case of students who do not come from out of town scarcely any other expense than wardrobe for the public performances. This is often not inconsiderable, however, especially with young women. A girl who has to dress half a dozen parts in the course of a year may be torn between conflicting emotions. But judicious borrowing of headgear, furs, and other "trimmings" much decreases her actual expenditure. Costumes, of course, may be hired at a theatrical costumers, where the students receive professional rates; and they are as well known at wig stores where wigs may be rented as the actors themselves. The problem of dress does not apply in the schools where public matinées are given only once a season. There is much to be said both for and against frequent performances. Though they accustom the student to an audience, there is decided wisdom in Mr. Mackay's dictum that the first round of applause kills the student for class-room work. Mr. Sargent provides for this by confining his public matinées to the senior year—that is, to a second term of six months. It is in the class room, after all, that the important work is done; the actual performance is but the application of technique carefully acquired by drudgery with exercises.

IV

At the matinées the self-possession and repose of the students has always been a matter of comment. The secret is simple—each student is fully equipped. A leading literary man, himself a playwright, was heard to say that only at a school performance, whatever its shortcomings, was one's ear unassailed by faulty diction, one's intelligence by false emphasis, and one's taste by the blithe display of mannerisms. The habitual attendance of men and women of distinction at these performances is significant. They often see here plays they can see nowhere else, and they see always plays performed in an intelligent manner, and conceived from a central point of view, without exploitation of particular scenes and particular actors, so often on the professional stage wresting a false eminence by the undue depression of their surroundings.

As a producer, indeed, the American Academy has scarcely a less important position than as an educational institution. It has given large numbers of plays by celebrated authors which New York might otherwise not have seen. The first Maeterlinck and the first Ibsen play, the first performance of a Greek tragedy (rehearsed, by the way, by Mr. David

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Belasco), the first Miracle Play, were all given by this institution. It was the first to present an Elizabethan play staged in the Elizabethan manner. This was *The Silent Woman* of Ben Jonson, a picture of which appears in this number, with the women's parts played in the orthodox fashion by men, and the entire play illustrated by Elizabethan gallants, who sat upon the stage, and by a costumed orchestra discoursing Elizabethan airs, and by the usual unruly Elizabethan audience. The record of the Academy's productions can probably be equalled by no other organisation in the world, and the list contains the names of Beaumont and Fletcher, Racine, Goldoni, Congreve, and Echegeray, Strindberg, and Tolstoi. The school anticipated Mrs. Campbell in the production of the Björnson's *Beyond Human Power;* it gave some years ago Heijerman's *The Good Hope,* which Miss Terry is playing this season. Nor is their success confined to plays too old or too new to be seen on the regular stage, a literary success of curiosity or of daring. A production of Sudermann's *Fires of St. John,* given at the same time as the professional production at Daly's, received from the press a critical comparison of the work of the students with that of the professionals, with the advantage of intelligent conception and adequate staging in favour of the former. Mr. Belasco was for some years one of the stage managers of the Academy, and it has now in Mr. Charles Jehlinger one of the few producers in this country who can create atmosphere.

And by no means is what seems likely to be the valuable mission of the students as dramatic introducers restricted to already successful plays of old or modern Europe. They have put on many original pieces, some of which—*The Measure of a Man,* for instance, by Miss Cora Maynard—have given their authors a hearing on a wider stage. Miss Rachel Crothers, who wrote *The Three of Us,* now running at the Madison Square, was given her first public performances at Mrs. Wheatcroft's. It is not unlikely that in the seeming managerial indifference to native playwrights which is now ceasing to prevail, the schools have here done an important work.

V

When the schools were first started, they met, strangely enough, with much opposition from the profession itself, and though they have made their way, even nowadays actors speak contemptuously of them. Whether their general objection is the same in origin as that of lawyers some decades ago against law schools is hard to be determined. "Let them sweep the floors and make the fires in some respectable office! That's the way I began, and read Blackstone between whiles. You can soak in more real law that way than by spending years in theoretical stuff, which only gives you wrong notions." It may be this predisposition of the successful to believe that they learned their profession in the only legitimate way or it may be—other things; but the peculiar fact remains that the average actor has no use for schools of acting.

One sees nightly on our stage prominent actors by the score who are sadly in need of the technical skill they claim must be picked up at random on the boards themselves, and which, despite long and successful careers, they have not picked up. They would not think of claiming that an opera singer, a pianist, a painter, or an architect could learn to use his tools by the hit or miss use of them alone and without going to a school where the use of them is taught. That all actors, however, do not blink at facing the matter squarely, is shown by the fact that there are not wanting those who have in the midst of success retired to study privately at the schools how to get their bodies, voices, and minds in completer subjection, that the three may respond more readily to their demand.

That there are plenty of "fake" schools, the raw products of which are emptied out over night to cast odium upon the whole idea, has nothing to do with the point. Acting is a profession which is in all its branches particularly at the mercy of bunco and blatancy. A glib actor out of a job converts his hall bedroom into a school—he is for the time being only assuming another part. All the big cities are full of such extemporised academies, devised at first to fill the intervals in a bad season or to eke out the summer

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vacation, and kept up afterward, as often as not, because it is found more profitable to be a teacher than a poor actor. Acting is in these sprightly times even taught by correspondence, in which case the hall bedroom becomes less cramped by the simple addition of a typewriter, and a remote Romeo bounds upon the stage fully equipped for his art through perusing the contents of ten fat envelopes. But of responsible schools of acting, turning out good craftsmen, there are several, not only in New York, but in other cities.

Some general results of the schools of acting have been overlooked by actors, the very people who should most appreciate them. To speak practically, they give the students a chance to be seen by managers, and that is what an actor must have. Then, so far from rushing on the stage yearly a set of incompetent people, they turn out a set immeasurably more competent than the average beginner; and this cannot fail to reduce the ranks of the incapable aspirants—those who, as the actor is so fond of saying, should be home behind the plough or the ribbon counter. More than this, the schools act as positive discouragers of the unfit. Many a student has found out in school his mistaken ambition, that he does not possess the requisite qualities for a stage career. Since these latter generally belong to the class of the stage struck, they would have got upon it by hook or crook and spent, but for the school, several of the best years of their life in ascertaining what they can discover definitely and more economically in a few months.

Another great advantage of the school is also one that actors as a race should appreciate. One of the chief merits of class training in any art is friendly rivalry and emulation and the frank, unhostile criticism of one's equals. The latter, especially, every actor has felt the need of on the stage itself—the handicap of not knowing just where he stood and just what he was doing. The response of the public is an unsafe and perplexing gauge for a beginner to go by—even when he has a part sufficiently interesting for the public to notice—and the criticism of his fellow-actors is too often honeycombed with motives of policy, jealousy, and hostility. But by the end of one year in an art school of any kind the student has a pretty accurate idea of what others think of him, and this forms the only reliable guide-post on the right road that all desire to travel. The frank camaraderie of the studios, a term which has come to stand with artists for open appreciation or disapproval in free and friendly expression, is as noteworthy in the schools of acting. Voluble discussion of each other's merits and demerits is a trait of all beginners where two or three are gathered together in the name of art. Such criticism as this whittles artists into shape, and every serious actor has longed for it. There are several little lunch rooms in the vicinity of the schools of acting where one may at noontime perceive much youthful gesticulation going on over a frugal cup of coffee with a masculine sandwich or a feminine éclaire.

Actors, too, as a class profess to believe that one never hears of students after they get out. Let us see. It is painfully true that at any public performance of the schools one will see earnest youngsters playing better parts than they will ever play again. It is a bit saddening to think of all the disappointments which are waiting for them down the road. But it is equally so to realise that many actors on the stage itself never get good parts to play, through lack of opportunity, or a pleasing personality, or influence, or what not, almost as often as through lack of ability. The successful actor knows too well how large a factor chance has played in his success. It is a dreary syllogism—a manager will not give you a good part until you have made a hit: no man can make a hit in a poor part—only a lucky accident can break the inevitable sequence. But do we not hear of school-of-acting pupils again? Of the stars, Mr. Mackay has Kathryn Kidder, Mrs. Wheatcroft, Margaret Anglin to show; Mr. Sargent has graduated Grace George, Blanche Walsh, Alice Fischer, and the late Robert Tabor (who, by the way, came to the school by physician's advice for the sake of his lungs, and with no thought of the stage as a profession). In the second rank there are dozens, some of them, like Ida Conquest, Dorothy Dorr and Brandon Tynan, just on the borderland of stardom. Campbell Gollan,

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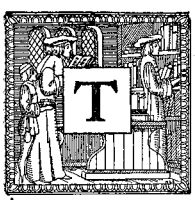
John Blair, Frederick Lewis, George Fawcett, Grace Kimball, Jane Oaker, Adelaide Keim, Dorothy Tennant, Louise Closser, are among our best-known leading men and women.

The schools are training the rank and file. Not many, perhaps, out of each year's batch of theatrical beginners come from the schools or in any state of preparedness, but a little leaven has before this leavened many a lump. Even the most careless student cannot fail to learn much which many successful ones of his profession are in easy ignorance of, and an alert student can take away enough to revolutionise the little area he is allotted each year to inhabit. A case in point is Fernanda Eliscu, who came from an elocution class in the Cooper Union to the American Academy but a half dozen years ago. Seeing where an opportunity lay, she learned the Yiddish language and succeeded to the place Madame Kalisch abandoned to become a star in English. During her short occupation of this Bowery theatre, this young girl has modernised the stage, which lacked only that to be the artistic equal of the Broadway houses. A significant fact is that the students are always loyal to the schools; it shows that they feel they have learned there what was worth the learning. These things must in time mean something even on our haphazard stage, where acting is for the most part a profession unschooled. *Algernon Tassin.*

THE ART OF THE MONTH



THE season of 1906-07 is likely to stand out in the annals of our art history as a time when the American painter was more intelligently in evidence than he has been in some years. Exhibitions in various parts of the country and one-man shows in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago have called attention to his progress and standing, while the native collector has multiplied to an encouraging extent. Nor is the increased interest merely a sporadic growth. Just as the boy and girl whom we have known from infancy, without warning seem to jump into man and womanhood before we are aware of the fact, so a group of our younger artists seem to have made the leap from obscurity to high rank, while even some of the older men appear to have pulled themselves together with amazing suddenness, and, deserting the conventional lines of picture making, found a higher level, expressing their ideas with engaging frankness and originality. It was impossible to come away from such shows as those of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, and that of the Corcoran Gallery, in Washington, without being impressed at the strength of the American. It is a strength, too, that happily does not come through any trickery of technique. There has been less tentative work this year than ever before, fewer fads and more sanity. Health seems to have predominated. The Whistlerites have grown more conservative; the Pointilists have modified their way of obtaining results, and the Impressionists are not as uncompromising as hitherto, while the Tonal men have, as it were, emerged from excessive darkness into the clear light of Heaven. Everywhere progress and—cheerfulness!

One result, at least, of the season was the formal introduction—officially—to the American public of a countryman of ours, whom all the art nations, save his own, have delighted to honour. This artist, a brilliant craftsman, a sterling, well-equipped painter, is Gari Melchers. Since 1886—so has time flown that twenty-one years have passed—up to within a few weeks ago, when the German Emperor bestowed upon him the unusual distinction of the Order of the Red Eagle, all

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the foreign countries where art is fostered have been deluging Mr. Melchers with ribbons, medals, purchases for art museums and royal collections, and generally making much of him. A list of his recompenses would fill a column of this magazine. Yet it was left to so recondite a newspaper as the *Evening Post* of this city to refer to him recently as "the young Belgian painter," and to the general public he is an unknown quantity. His introduction came through the intelligence of the direction of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, which honoured itself by inviting him to occupy an entire room at its recent exhibition, where he showed twenty canvases. There the visitor was made acquainted with a man of varied talent and splendid achivement, who could paint anything he chose and paint it well; so it happened that the visitor sat up and took notice. It is to be regretted that the entire roomful could not have been transplanted to New York.

Back to the younger men to whom we have referred, we may mention the remarkable progress of Paul Dougherty, who burst unexpectedly upon the exhibition of the National Academy of Design last fall with a fine marine, which he called "Land and Sea," and which at once placed him among the men to be seriously considered. There was no one to compare him with save Winslow Homer, and it is not too much to say that he belongs legitimately in the class of that master, even if he has not quite reached Homer's great rank as yet. That this canvas was no happy accident Mr. Dougherty amply proved in a special exhibition of his work, held at the Macbeth Gallery in February, when a dozen transcripts of the sea under different conditions of light and colour disclosed genuine poetic feeling and a strong technical capacity to express the same. Fortunately, too, there were not lacking patrons to give that substantial appreciation of his labours no less necessary to the artist than to any other professional man, and yet which the efforts of so many men fail to receive unless death steps in and assists the cause.

It did not require a special exhibition of the work of Dwight W. Tryon to establish his foremost place among American landscape painters—or the world's painters, for that matter. His position was already secure, yet the display at the Montross Gallery in February emphasised his ability, disclosed a steady, healthy progress, a refinement of old methods and generally had even greater interest than usual, while his departure here and there into marine effects was profoundly entertaining. In these same galleries came Thomas W. Dewing with some contributions along his familiar lines, lines always delightful, for he has much the quality of the little Dutch masters, and Edmund C. Tarbell, in his one-man show here, held to the high standards of former years, his portrait of Dr. Robinson, the new assistant director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, being a speaking likeness and a masterly piece of painting. It was a pleasure to see again Mr. Tarbell's little "Girl Crocheting," which some one of his enthusiastic admirers pronounced "the best piece of painting ever done by a modern American." The portrait of Sir Purden Clark—it is a little late to refer to him now as the "new" director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art—was quite the best offering in Wilhelm Funk's exhibition at Knoedler's of surely clever portraits, and it makes one wish Mr. Funk could always keep to this high artistic level.

Another man—an American—new to his countrymen, came over from Paris early in the season and held a show of his work at Providence, R. I., and so good was it that it is a pity New York missed it. This was Eugene Vail, known in Europe, decorated by the French Government with the Legion of Honour, and whose painting was bought last season at the Venice exhibition by the King of Italy in person and given by him to the state. Time was when Mr. Vail was a student at the Art Students' League and used to worry over his charcoal drawings as do so many young men and women there at the present moment; now he is one of the "arrived," has pictures in various museums, including our own Corcoran Gallery, in Washington, and belongs to many foreign artistic bodies. A propos of the

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Capital, one is delighted to find a sort of renaissance of art in that beautiful city where our lawmakers foregather and which surely ought, by all rules of reasoning, to be an ideal place for art exhibitions—and, whisper it low—patrons, for do not there assemble annually in that place all sorts and conditions of men and women, many of them with much of this world's goods, many of them presumed to have taste and judgment, to whom art ought to speak with no uncertain voice? At any rate, all that the directors of the Corcoran Gallery could do in the way of arranging a superb exhibition, inviting the best of the men to contribute, placing really representative works on its well-lit and well-arranged walls, and finally, through the disinterested generosity of some public-spirited men, amassing a fund for the purchase of perhaps a dozen of the contributions for its permanent collection and the bestowal of large money prizes, all this has been done, and if the results of this exhibition are not gratifying or encouraging, then there is little hope for Washington as an art centre!

The modern German artist is little known in America. Frequenters of exhibitions have been accustomed to base their estimate of the painters from the Fatherland on the work of such men as Piloty, von Bremen, Becker, Richter, Defregger, with a Knaus, a rare Lenbach and occasionally a Leibl, or a Menzel. The last four of these worthy gentlemen paint with the best of them; others, however, do not, but such names as Zügel, Kuehl, von Stuck mean little to the average American who goes to picture shows. Yet a new school has sprung up, the old order has passed and there is much to the new that demands serious attention if one would keep in touch with the accomplishment of his times. There are some who maintain—and with a reasonable show of logic—that the centre of art has been moved from the capital of France and now abides tranquilly amid the Teutonic surroundings of Munchen. At any rate, there is to be found that very lively art body, the Secession, and there strange gods rear their heads, that occasionally to the uninitiated seem incomprehensible. Not impressionistic, not pointillists, not tonalists, not realists, none of these old fads are these German painters of the newer schools, but just artists breaking away from all tradition, dissatisfied with the conventional, trying to find a new manner of expression and trying to express something quite new. Surely this is an age of unrest, an age of progress, and the man who is content to sit still is likely to be left in the race.

In January at the galleries of the National Arts Club there was an opportunity to become acquainted with some of these sturdy, original Teutons, for one of the prominent collectors and art patrons, Mr. Hugo Reisinger, loaned a number of their pictures from his collection, examples that were edifying and entertaining and in a measure gave an idea of the newer schools. From Heinrich Zügel there were cattle pictures that came as a revelation, for the man is unquestionably the strongest painter of the cow that is living—perhaps that ever lived, broad as this statement appears. Yet well as the animals were drawn and constructed, interesting as was the composition arrangement and the painting as technique, the colour scheme was absolutely personal, new, brilliant, for the animals were bathed in light and the harmony of tones was delightful. Before the work you felt really out of doors, you saw the play of atmosphere, the delicacy of tint, of light and shadow—all, in short, seemed to be a breath of nature. And, like all good art—or good anything else, for that matter—an abiding simplicity prevailed, all seemed executed with the greatest ease, with direct, expressive sweeps of the brush. Indeed, beside Zügel, other painters of cattle seem laboured, tight, hard and unsympathetic. Incidentally, it may be well to state that this Zügel is a man of fifty-seven and one of the professors in the Royal Academy of Munich. Max Liebermann is another of the German giants who was represented in Mr. Reisinger's collection with a water colour of some boys bathing, and though his note was not as new as that of some of the others, for he had obviously much sympathy with the Barbizon men, he was yet profoundly interesting and a master of his art. These lads by the stream were

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human, and in attitude, colour, movement, environment, he seemingly caught all with marvelous fidelity, in a broad, hearty way that appealed to you, and there were others no less deserving of strong commendation. Perhaps at a later day some one will get up a strong and complete showing of these admirable German painters, and there will be the fullest opportunity to study them at leisure.

The fad of the collector is past any serious analysis. It is apparently, as Dundreary used to say, something that "no feller can find out!" When we say the "collector" we mean, of course, the average rich buyer, for your real connoisseur is another and totally different affair. Just at present the Dutchmen are in the ascendency, and overshadow possibly the Barbizon men, although they, or their imitators, are still purchased freely. These Dutchmen are masters in their way, too—the best of them—though not all the canvases that come out of the Low Countries are masterpieces, by any means. The trouble with so many of the collectors is that they do not discriminate; they buy frequently names alone, and it is impossible to prevent the unscrupulous dealer from foisting on them spurious works. Only this season a well-known collector—a professional man of high standing, who has given great attention to art these several years—brought a suit against one of this band of robbers for the recovery of money—several thousand dollars the sum was—he had paid for a fraudulent example of one of these Dutchmen, and he only discovered this after he had had the canvas several years! Of course, the picture was just as good a picture after he had discovered it was an imitation as it was before that knowledge was obtained. Obviously the collector wanted a Mauve; that he had a good or a bad picture was of modest moment. That he had lived with it years and liked it before he found out that it was not by the man he thought it was showed again it was the name he wanted. And that he had a bargain and paid much less for the work than a reputable Fifth Avenue dealer would have charged him was a prominent factor in the original purchase, we doubt not. But to come back to the original point: the picture during all this performance was always the same picture, and if he ever liked it enough to pay several thousand dollars for it, there would seem little to be said. Perhaps the moral is, as an astute advertiser has it, "Buy of the maker." That way safety lies! Mauves went at very modest prices while Mauve was alive. You could have taken any canvas out of his studio at a comparatively small sum. But Mauve dead—ah! that is quite another thing. At the Jefferson sale last winter the collectors fell over each other in their scramble to pay exorbitant prices for a number of mediocre sketches by Mauve—of horses and cattle, sketches made at a sitting only, as notes for the artist's personal use in a colour way afterwards, that were not representative, not great art and not one whit better than many an American could paint and does paint to-day on his summer outing. Why? Because they were Mauves. Mauve at his best was a master. At other times he was just a painter, like a number of others of his craft.

With the recollection of so many indifferent examples of the European favourites that find their way not only in sales in the auction rooms, but also in the shops of the dealers, it was a pleasure to find such a collection as that of H. S. Henry, of Philadelphia, which was shown at the American Art Galleries, and sold in January, and which consisted of only thirty paintings, all by the Barbizon men, and all worthy of their traditions. It was a joy to see the Corots and to fully understand his greatness, to see the exquisite colour sense of the man, his poetry and sentiment. Mr. Henry's collection was the fine flower of these "men of thirty," carefully chosen, weeded out from time to time until the thirty were probably the best representation of these men one could find anywhere in the world. It was therefore natural that they should bring an enormous sum in the total, but the sensation of the evening was the sale of a great example by Troyon, "Le Retour à la Ferme," which was brought by Hermann Schaus for $65,000, and there was a peculiar sentiment to this purchase, for

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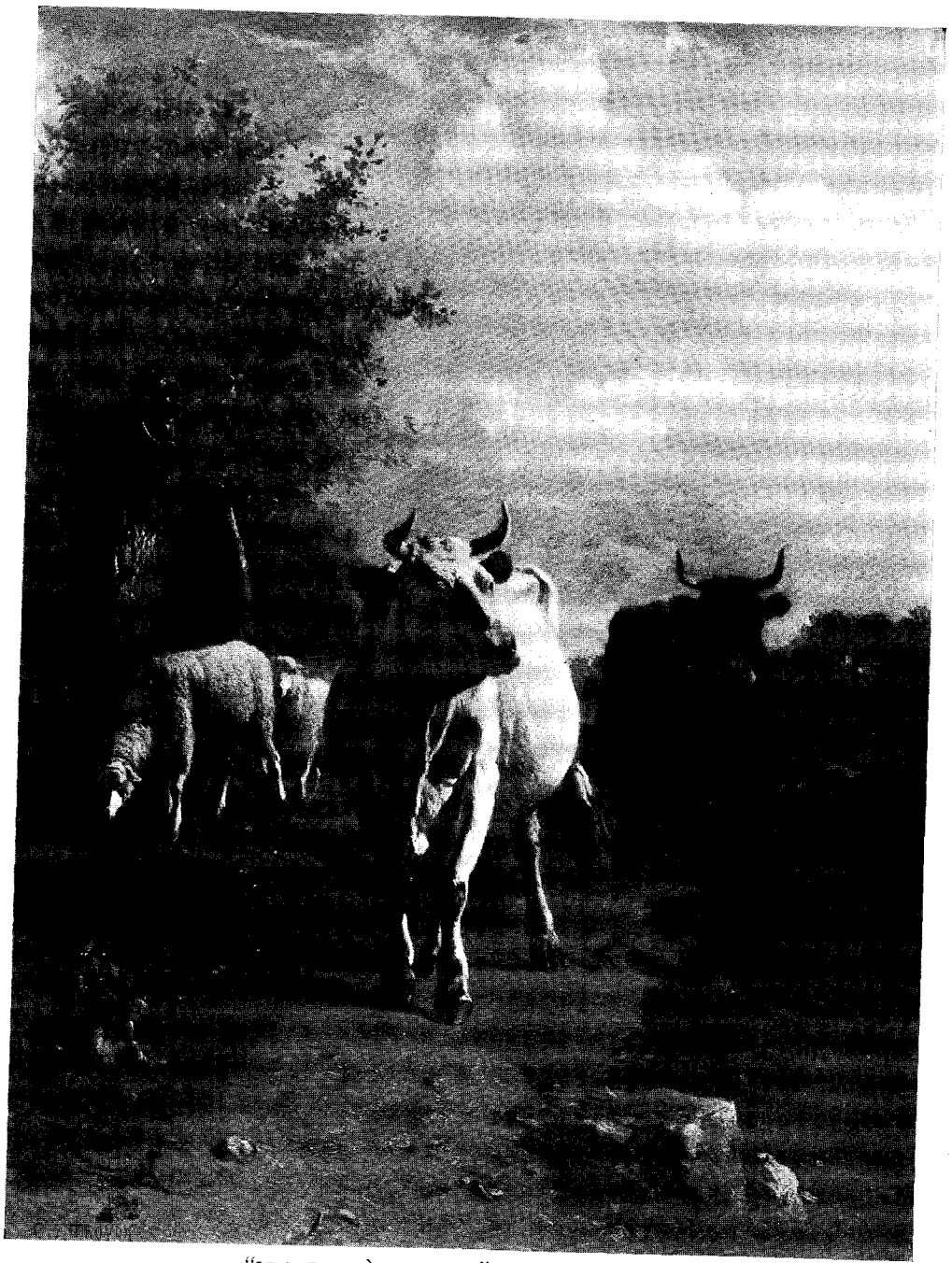

"LE RETOUR À LA FERME." BY CONSTANT TROYON

From the recent Henry Collection Sale

Permission of William Schaus galleries

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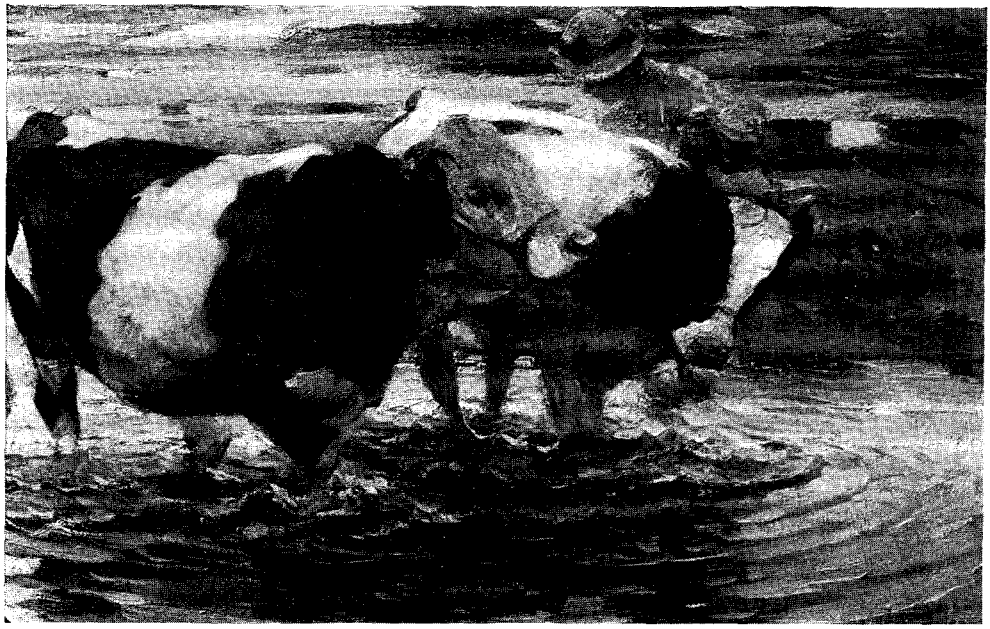

"CROSSING THE FORD." BY HEINRICH ZÜGEL

Collection of Hugo Reisinger, Esq.

the picture had been originally brought to this country by this gentleman and was sold at the William Schaus sale some years ago, on the death of that well-known dealer. A great work it was, too, having all the qualities that go to make up a remarkable animal picture. There were those who insisted the price was excessive, but since the sale Mr. Schaus has disposed of it to another collector, naturally at an advance on what it cost him! Once again comes up the thought as to the great increase in value in good works of art and the futility of the artist ever hoping to get a just return for his labours, for of course Troyon's share for this canvas was most modest. There were seven Corots in this sale, and they brought a grand total of $107,400! It is little short of amazing that such a princely sum should have been paid for these pictures when one remembers that the artist himself did not get even the odd seven thousand for the lot, and he would have turned out these and many more in a twelvemonth! One thing the sale proved, if nothing else, and that is that pictures well bought are a good investment, and that it is worth the while to make a really serious study of art if one would be a successful collector.

The question of colour printing in the magazines is one that is taking up all the time and attention of the publishers in these days, for it is obvious that colour has come to stay. Yet the results up to date in the American publications are still far from being satisfactory. Perhaps it is that too much has been attempted; possibly the limits of the medium are not recognised. At any rate, thus far crudeness and rawness result to an aggravating degree. Once in a while there will come something in the way of a picture presented in simple, effective tones or tints, and hope springs; but commonplaces in another issue dissipate this confidence, and we drop back again to mild despair. The German weekly *Jugend* somehow gets nearer to an intelligent result, and this is mainly because the drawings lend themselves to flat tones and few of them. Now and then the *International Studio* obtains a pleasing arrangement of colour, particularly in its reproduction of pastels,

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"OCTOBER." BY DWIGHT W. TRYON

Permission of N. E. Montross

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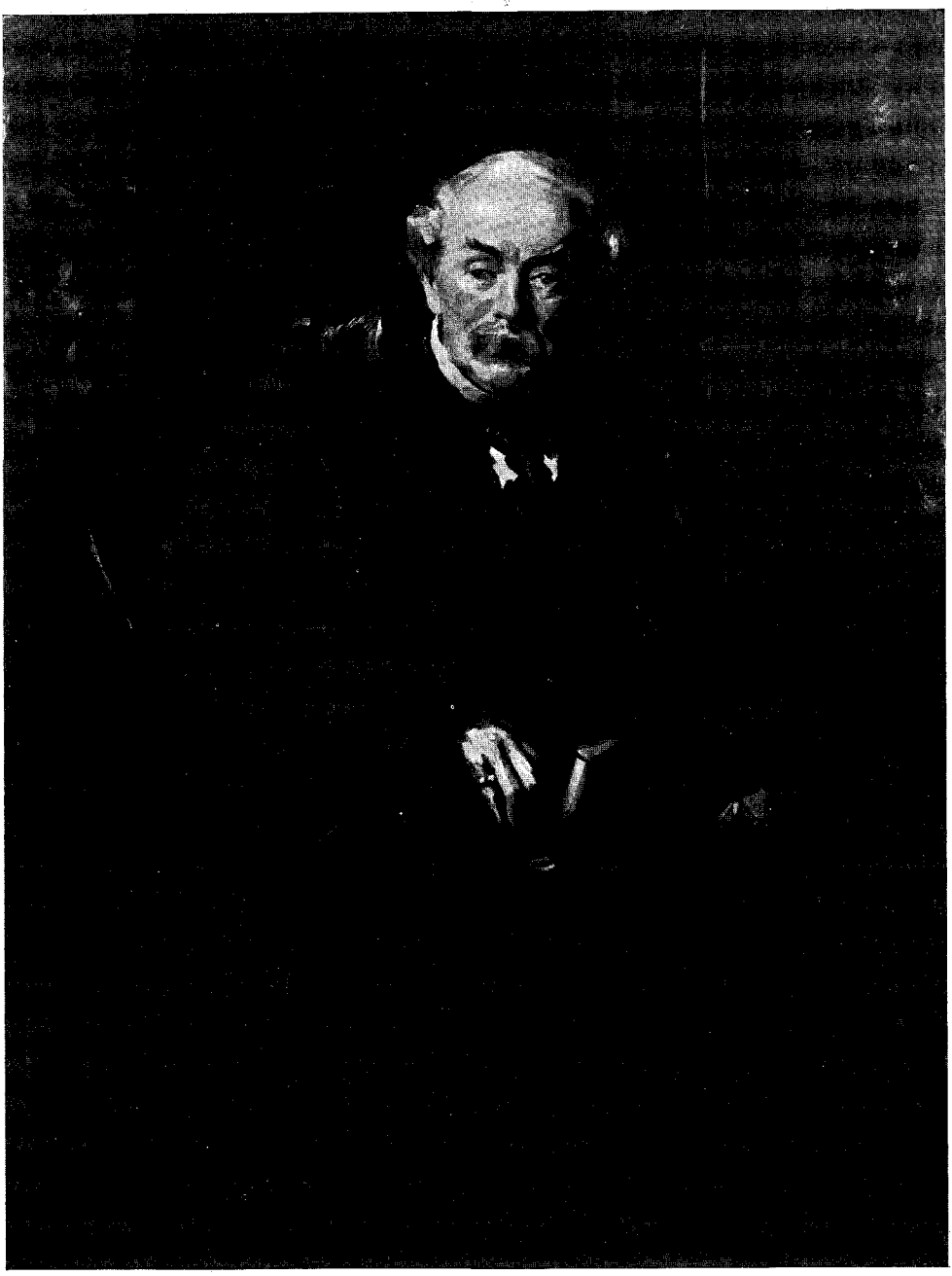

SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARK

Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

By William Funk

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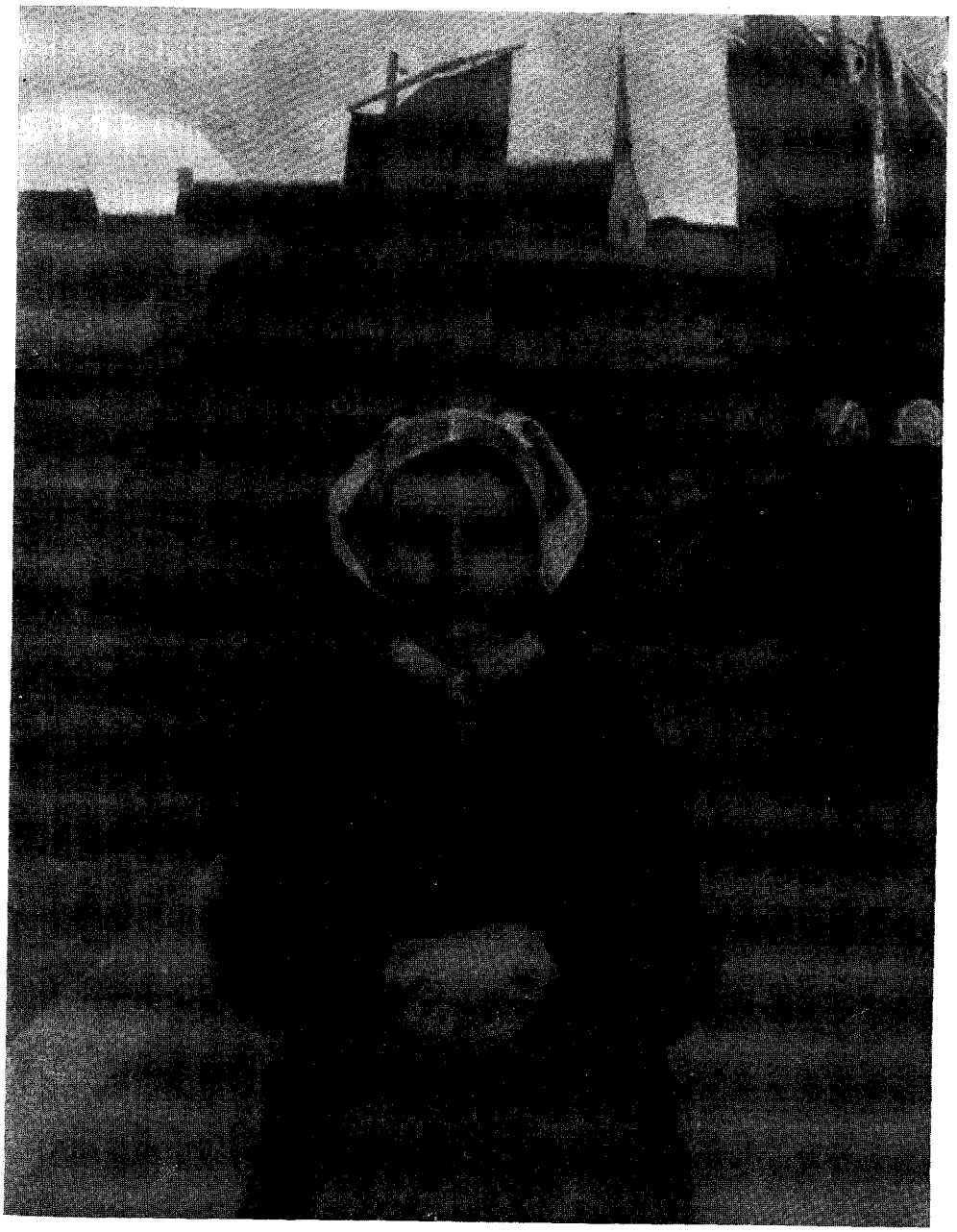
but there is much to be yet accomplished before the methods will be entirely satisfactory. It is, however, an expensive affair any way it is looked at, and there is certain to come up some mechanical arrangement whereby strides will be made. *Collier's* seems to lead among the American publications. We are of the opinion that, remembering the present possibilities, a page of tinted sketches



"EVENING IN BRITTANY." BY EUGENE VAIL

From the collection of the King of Italy

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would be far more effective than the elaborate full-page picture with all its detail, now so unsatisfactorily given. And such work would be more decorative as well, which, of course, is the main purpose of these colour efforts.

In a recent number of one of the great New York newspapers there was an interview with a portrait painter, who discoursed on the unbusiness qualities of the artist, and while this accusation would fail as against this particular artist personally, there was much truth in some of his statements in that the artist deliberately goes out of his way frequently to

"BREAKFAST ON THE PIAZZA." BY EDMUND C. TARBELL

Owned by E. P. Carpenter

Permission of N. E Montross

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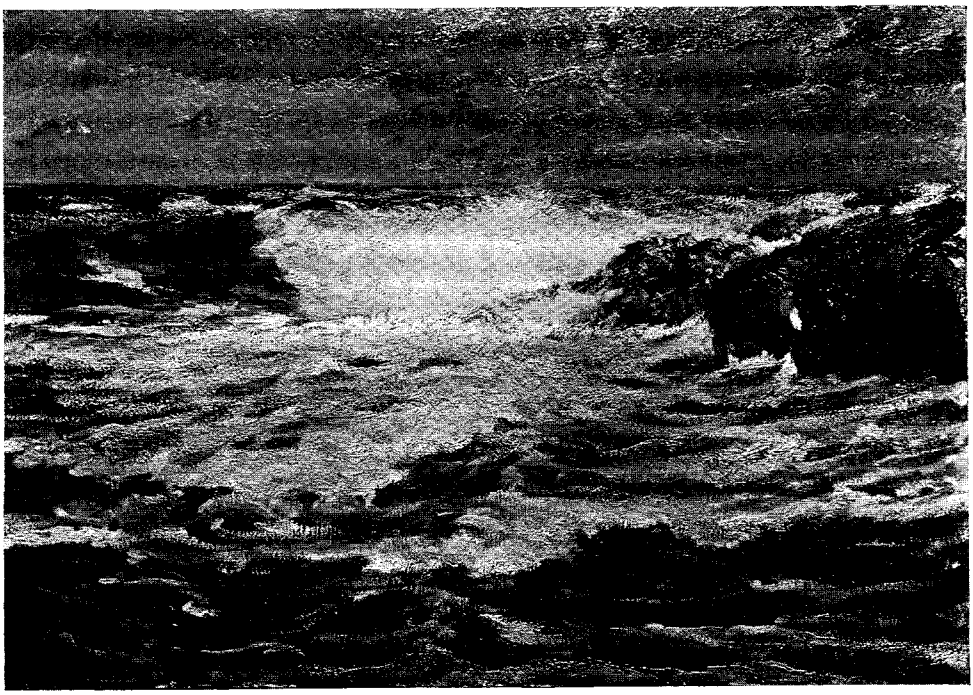

"SUN AND SHADOW." BY PAUL DOUGHERTY

From the collection of Miss Rainey

displease his patron and declines to make any compromise. It is probably true that the artist is too often the reverse of a hard worker, that he sits around waiting for inspiration, and is content with small production. When there are no commissions he is liable to do nothing toward improving his time, and though he might plan designs of a decorative nature, and get ready against possible commissions, he is content to sit with folded hands and curse his luck and the lack of patrons. Gérôme, the distinguished French painter, used to say to his pupils in his class in the *École des Beaux Arts,* "If you don't paint when you don't feel like it, you can't paint when you do!" And so it is that so many of the men, instead of hitching their wagon to a star, of demonstrating the saying that "God helps them who help themselves," take it out in complaint, in dissatisfaction with the world generally, and so are not ready for their opportunity when it comes. It is not necessary to debauch one's art or to paint ignoble things, or in any way to forfeit one's self-respect. But there must be some steadiness in art, some hard and fast rules about work and application, or the results are liable to be nil and success is apt to pass one by. The older masters did not waste much time, judging from the work they left behind them. The records of such artists as Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Rembrandt, Van Dyke and Rubens disclose a fecundity that would put most moderns to the blush, and the supposition must be that these giants went to their labours daily, with methodical regularity, and stuck at their easels till the light faded. And surely they made some concessions to their patrons, not to the sacrifice of their artistic standing, but in minor details that in the end pleased the clientèle, but detracted in nowise from the excellence of the pictures.

Arthur Hoeber.

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MISS GRACE C. STRACHAN

MISS JESSIE H. BANCROFT

DR. E. H. DU BOIS

MISS LILLIAN M. ELLIOT

LEADING ADVOCATES OF "EQUAL PAY"

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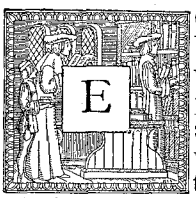
A QUESTION OF SEX AND OF JUSTICE



QUAL Pay for Equal Work." This watchword expresses a principle for which some twelve thousand women who teach in the public school system of Greater New York are now contending; and, as we write these lines, they seem to have a reasonable prospect of success. The question is not a local one, though the contest at the moment is. Throughout the whole United States all women who are teachers are watching with intense interest the outcome of this struggle; since, if the McCarren-Conklin Bill shall pass the New York Legislature and receive the signature of Governor Hughes, it will establish a precedent which must in the end be followed everywhere.

As things stand now, the best positions in the educational system of New York City are all reserved for men, and certain other offices, such as principalships, are usually filled by men in preference to women. Of this, however, the women do not complain. What does seem to them decidedly unjust is the fact that women who do precisely the same work as is done by men, and who hold precisely the same positions, should receive salaries inferior in amount to those received by men. An accomplished and successful teacher in one of the New York high schools, Dr. Elizabeth H. du Bois, has lately summarised very clearly the statistics which display this inequality. Her paper, which appeared in the February number of *Munsey's Magazine*, institutes a comparison between the salaries paid to teachers in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. It appears that in Boston a woman begins with about one-third the salary of a man, and attains, as a maximum, a salary of less than one-half of what is paid to him for precisely the same work. In Philadelphia, in the elementary schools, the maximum salary which a woman can receive is a little more than half of what the male teacher receives. In the high schools of that city a woman gets just one-half of what is given to the man. In New York the discrepancy is less, but it is a very substantial discrepancy; and naturally enough, the women feel that there is no defensible basis for this discrimination. When they hold the same positions and do the same amount of work, why should they not receive the same amount of pay?

The only possible answer to this question would be a demonstration that their work, while equal in amount to that which is performed by men, is inferior in quality. Yet until the women teachers asked for equal pay no such objection was ever made. Curiously enough, and most discreditably, the main opponents of the women who are seeking justice are not the taxpayers and citizens who have to foot the bills, but the male teachers in the grammar schools and high schools. An increase of salary to women would not affect the pecuniary interests of these men. They would still receive exactly the same salaries that they are receiving now. One would suppose that their sense of chivalry, their sense of fairness, their manliness, and the *esprit de corps* which ought to exist between all members of the same profession, would lead them to support the cause of their fellow-workers. On the contrary, with a selfishness and almost swinishness which are inexplicable, they are moving heaven and earth to keep the women down, to make them go on working at a lower rate of compensation than the men receive. An association of so-called "schoolmen" in Brooklyn has sent representatives to Albany to oppose a measure which seems to every right-minded person not merely proper, but eminently just.

These "schoolmen" have cut a very sorry figure both in Albany and at home. The women who appeared before the legislative committees spoke temperately, quietly, and with great effectiveness. Although they had every provocation,

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they said not a word about the opposition which confronted them. They were content to rest their case upon its merits. The "schoolmen" on the contrary, indulged themselves in bombast, false logic, and frequently in misstatement of the facts. Thus, one fluent individual presented what he described as twelve conclusive reasons against equalising salaries. The first reason, apparently, was his own personal superiority to any woman—a truth which was not obvious to those who heard him. The second reason was that the sexes are essentially unequal, which was assertion and not argument. Next he declared that while women may be admirable in mechanical work, they cannot rise to higher things. As a matter of fact, it is in purely mechanical work that women yield to men. In the fourth place, he observed that education is character-building, and that "no woman can uplift spiritually nor can she come up to man's ideals." Even the senators and representatives gasped when they heard this, although they had in their time listened to some pretty curious arguments and assertions. The orator then announced, as though it were a new discovery, that "men and women are different from the moment of their birth to the moment of their dissolution."

Proceeding further, he proclaimed that men exert a man's influence, while women can exert only a woman's influence, ignoring the fact that what is very greatly needed in the teaching of the young is this self-same woman's influence. He remarked, again, that women often marry and give up their positions—an assertion that is beyond all contradiction; though, as in that case women would also give up their salaries, the matter seemed scarcely pertinent. The eighth reason was found in the dictum that work is a lifelong obligation to men, and that marriage increases the burden of that obligation. This would have been a good argument against reducing the salaries of men, but how it bore upon the increase of salaries to women was not made clear. Moreover, said this speaker, "Women cannot rise to an emergency." This argument was decidedly *mal àpropos,* because only a short time before, a threatened fire-panic in one of the grammar schools of New York had been averted by the coolness and self-possession of the women teachers. "Equal work means equal ability," he went on to say; and he asked, "Why do women refuse to teach boys?" The answer is, of course, that women don't refuse, but that, as a matter of fact, they teach boys and girls alike with entire success. "Women have done nothing for education," he continued; "even the first kindergärtner was a man." What he did not mention was the interesting fact that the first kindergärtner, Friedrich Froebel, while he wrote most beautifully about the theory of education, failed miserably in bringing up his own children, so that his son became a "shiftless," useless creature—a monument to his father's practical incapacity. In other words, women have written less than men about the subject of education, but they have educated—they have done the thing. Finally, this person said: "In my own youth I went into the work of education because my heart went out to little children," and then, by inference, he instituted a very objectionable comparison between himself and "the Master." At last, with the voice and gesture of a shouter on the stump, he cried aloud: "I say before God, gentlemen, give me a man teacher every time!" One would say that if many more such men as this went up to Albany, the Legislature would seriously consider the abolition of male teachers altogether and would propose to fill every place with women.

Attention should be also called to the utterances of one of these preposterous "schoolmen," who is reported by the *Telegram* to have said at a public meeting: "I consider myself infinitely superior to a lot of sour old maids." The notice of the Board of Education ought to be seriously given to this individual. If he really said what he is asserted to have said, it is obvious that he is quite unfitted to be a teacher of the young. Such crass conceit, and such coarse language afford sufficient evidence that he ought to be promptly relegated to the carrying of a hod. Respect for women is one of the first things to be inculcated in the American boy; since respect for women is a quality which springs from the

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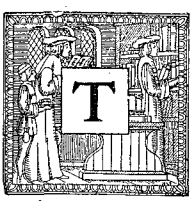
American ideal, and one of which Americans have always been rightly proud. That this gross speech should have been made by a teacher is discreditable to the whole profession; and if the man who uttered it shall receive no stern rebuke, it will be a disgrace to the educational authorities of the greatest city in the Western World.

Looking at the question which has been raised by this concerted movement, one sees that it is a question both of sex and of justice. Men and women *are* unlike. They differ temperamentally as well as physically—in their modes of thought, and also in the influences which they exert. But it is precisely because of this that both men and women should stand upon an equal footing in the schools, in order that our public education should be well rounded, harmonious, and complete. Man has much to give which women cannot give; but women, too, can give what men do not possess. Many of them have burdens to bear as great as any that are borne by men. They must make provision for their future. They must be enabled to perform their work without undue anxiety, in order that they may perform it well. The justice of their cause cannot be seriously questioned. Whether they shall now succeed or whether they shall fail in winning justice, cannot affect the ultimate result; for justice, no less than truth, is mighty, and in the end will mightily prevail.

Edward H. Forrester.

THE NOVELTY OF PLOT AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



TO the puzzled novice in fiction writing, who seeks for some guiding rule, some key to the occult editorial policy which dictates the prompt acceptance of one manuscript and the rejection and prolonged wanderings of another, the answer most frequently made in these days of popular magazines and "best selling" books is that the first requisite of a good story is novelty of plot. Vivid description, subtle analysis of character, a wise understanding of the meaning of life, the qualities which have made the greatness of a Fielding or a Thackeray, a Balzac or a Maupassant, are subordinated to the element of newness, the cleverness which invents an unprecedented crime, a novel form of suicide, a brand-new method of amassing millions. Those whose business it is to study the fluctuations of the fiction market will tell you frankly that it is not difficult to sell a story that is quite clumsily constructed and crudely written, if only the underlying idea is sufficiently original and startling. And in an age when the average magazine is bought only to be lightly skimmed and flung carelessly aside; when the latest novel is scarcely expected to outlive the year, this criterion of Novelty of Plot is no doubt dictated by sound business principles. Good wearing quality is no longer demanded of our books, any more than of our dress fabrics. So long as they last a season, the public is content; anyhow, the fashions will have changed by that time.

Yet there still are some stories being written which are destined to wear well, just as the really big novels of past generations have worn well. And it may be said quite confidently that their longevity will seldom be due to any startling originality of plot. The really big novels of all ages are the novels of which we do not grow weary, the ones from which we all of us choose certain favourites to be kept

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either literally on a special book-shelf by themselves, or at least in a separate mental pigeon-hole, and taken out from time to time for a quiet half hour, in the same spirit of intimate relaxation that we feel in the company of those who are near and dear to us. Our individual choice of books may differ as widely as our choice of friends. One man has Scott and Dickens in the place of honour, where another man keeps Thackeray and Trollope; while still another of more catholic tastes may find room in his affections for books as wide apart as *Pride and Prejudice* and *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. But whichever our special favourites may be, the significant fact is that we do not turn back to them on account of the Novelty of Plot, for the very simple and obvious reason that in a well-read and familiar book it has lost its novelty, its "news value" has long since gone. In a general, broad way it may be laid down as a rule that the books or the chapters which we read over and over again without weariness hold us by the personalities of their men and women, our appreciation of what they are rather than of what they do. The man who goes back to *Les Trois Mousquetaires* for the eleventh time is certainly not seeking to learn how Anne of Austria got back her diamonds from the Duke of Buckingham; he is simply enjoying a renewal of his acquaintance with Dumas's four inimitable and perennially delightful heroes.

Yet it would be foolish to deny that an unhackneyed, unusual conclusion to a story has a very definite value. The mistake lies in the tendency to regard the plot not merely as a means to an end, a scaffolding upon which to erect the finished structure, but as constituting in itself the be-all and the end-all of the novelist's purpose. It is rather salutary discipline for a young writer, ambitiously seeking for some colossal central idea, some tremendous, flamboyant crisis never used before, to see how simple and elemental after all are many of the situations on which the big world-stories have been built. It cannot be too often repeated that in novel writing, as in all other arts, it is not the material but the workmanship that really counts. A man runs away with another man's wife; and the result to literature may be a sordid paragraph in a scandal-loving newspaper or it may be an *Iliad*.

As a safe working rule, it may be laid down that there is enough material for fiction lying almost at our own door-step from which to build up strong, enduring dramas, if only we have technique and patience and an abiding love of life as it is. There is no need of ransacking the columns of the daily press for suggestions of strange crimes and catastrophes. If you lack the magic art of touching the reader's heart and making him feel his kinship with the men and women of your story, they may literally swim in blood without awakening any stronger emotion than a physical distaste. But if you do have that rare power of creating characters that instantly grip one's sympathies, then you can awake a more real and poignant pang over the heroine's unpaid butcher's bill than another author can over a Wall Street panic; you can suggest a keener sense of physical suffering in a throbbing tooth or a gouty foot than another can in a head-on collision of express trains or the annihilation of a regiment.

A truth so obvious that it is almost an axiom is that the true way to reach the hearts of people the wide world over is to tell quite simply and faithfully what you know of human hearts in your own county, your own village, your own street. Giovanni Verga writing with intimate knowledge of the primitive Sicilian peasants of Aci Reale and Taormina makes us vibrate in response to the truth of what he tells—exactly as we respond to the truth of Valdez's Spain, of Tolstoy's Russia, of Maupassant's Normandy. But the moment a writer goes further afield, beyond the limits of his own personal observation, the temptation assails him to supplement defective knowledge by exaggeration, excitement, melodrama. If he ventures so far away from home as Turkey, or Persia, or the Himalayas, and two of his characters choose to quarrel, he will find it easier to end the quarrel with murder than with reconciliation, because people of all races die in much the same way from a knife thrust, but a lengthy wrangle of words requires an intimate knowledge of Mos-

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lem or Parsee or Hindoo mode of thought. It is always easier to describe human action than to analyse the motives which prompt it; and accordingly the novel of adventure keeps the hero moving rapidly through distant lands, constantly doing, doing, doing, and seldom stopping long enough to think; while the psychological novel keeps him at home, within the little world which the author knows like an open book, and where every little trifle of local colour, the familiar note of a church bell, the hue of your neighbour's blinds across the street, the various sights and sounds and odours which differentiate each city block or village street from other blocks and streets the world over, play their part each hour of the day in deciding human action.

"The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square"

A book which by its wholesome contrast suggests the folly of too much straining after Novelty of Plot is *The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square,* by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. The very genuine charm of this quiet and refreshing story of present-day London is its simple, unassuming naturalness. Indeed, the lack of strong, dramatic incident places this book in the class with those to which it is peculiarly hard to do justice in a brief retelling. It is a picture of the isolation and loneliness of a simply bred young woman from an English village who is suddenly transferred to the depressing grandeur of a big, silent London house; and yet the book itself is not depressing, but, on the contrary, full of the sunshine of brave cheerfulness, the appeal of a warm, affectionate heart. The autocratic old lady who owns the house in Grosvenor Square has been reminded by the near approach of death of the children of her dead nephew, whose existence she has until now ignored, because their father had married beneath him—beneath the rank due to the Marneys of Orsett. It was an act to be deplored, but not to be wondered at; for the Lonely Lady's father had a strain of Huguenot blood in him, he was a De Courset, and "a Frenchman is a Frenchman," old Miss Marney asserts in her autocratic way. Yet when death comes knocking insistently she sends for Jeanne—for that is the Lonely Lady's name—and for her twin brother, Louis. The latter cannot come, for he is away in Africa, fighting valiantly in the Boer War. All the De Coursets have been fighters, from father to son, and all have fallen on the battlefield; "how frightened that makes me for Louis," says Jeanne with patient pathos, because Louis is the one person in the whole world who has filled her heart during the twenty-five years of the Lonely Lady's life. Such is the situation when the story opens. Imagine a sensitive, loyal nature, a woman in years, a child in experience, suddenly transferred to the oppressive grandeur of great, gloomy rooms, conscious of her own shortcomings, feeling that the very servants note her ignorance of etiquette in the way she eats and drinks and moves across a room —and yet pathetically longing to break through the ice of custom and talk freely with these stiff, unbending servitors. And all the while, upstairs, gaunt and austere and fighting fate hour by hour, old Miss Marney lies dying. She knows that before she dies she must make up her mind about her will, make up her mind whether or not to leave her great wealth to one or both of her nephew's children, who have that unfortunate strain of Huguenot blood in them. And Jeanne, downstairs, shivering with an unspoken dread of the big, silent rooms, finds two sources of comfort for her loneliness. One is the thought of her brother, whose cheering letters predict a speedy homecoming; the other is not a brother, but some one else, whom she meets in a unique way, and who comes to occupy such an important place in the Lonely Lady's life that even after Miss Marney is dead and gone, and Louis has fallen in battle, like his father and grandfather before him, and Jeanne has inherited the gloomy old house in Grosvenor Square, with its retinue of stately servants, she has ceased once for to be a Lonely Lady; and a board adorns the house front with the inscription, "To be Let or Sold."

A book which just misses the unaffected simplicity of *The Lonely Lady* is *Thalassa!* by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. It is a story of Yorkshire moorlands, with a

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good deal of effective description of the landscape and some carefully drawn characters. But the author's innate strain of romanticism would not permit her to write the evenly sustained story of a simple life which she appears to have been qualified to do. Instead, she has sought to throw a glamour of mystery and dread about people and places which after all do not seem in the least dreadful or mysterious. It would be a fairly safe conjecture that among the favourite authors of Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, Charlotte Brontë holds a leading place, and that in writing *Thalassa!* she consciously took for her model *Jane Eyre*. It would be unjust to give the impression that there has been a deliberate duplication of plot. There is no mad woman secretly held prisoner in a distant wing of the house; no torn bridal veil, no midnight conflagration, no blinded hero waiting hopelessly in lonely darkness. But there is a similarity of situation which the reader cannot fail to note: a rough, imperious man, deliberately leading an isolated life, and regarded with suspicion by his neighbours, because of some mystery that is darkly hinted at; an untutored little child, spoiled and wilful, who has been left to the ignorant care of servants; a frail but self-reliant young girl, whom fate brings to this remote Yorkshire home, and who undertakes to win the affection and master the surly temper of the child; a gradual change in the domineering man, as he falls under the spell of the young girl's gentle dignity; and then suddenly the obtrusion of the mystery in the man's past life, which sends the girl forth, friendless, to seek some honest means of self-support, in some corner of England where he cannot find her. And in the end, although she does not find him blind, as Jane finds Rochester, yet the love which impels her to return, and which forces her to take the initiative and speak convincing words to the man who is incredulous of his own great happiness, makes the resemblance between the two stories quite as obvious in the closing as in the opening chapters.

"Thalassa!"

An author with a special knowledge of any corner of the inhabited earth, who knows how to look on life understandingly and to set down unerringly what he sees, can scarcely fail to tell an interesting story. Without any conscious straining after the unusual, he will find himself possessed of quite as much Novelty of Plot as is requisite to good art. Mr. Edward Noble has this sort of special knowledge about the life of captains and longshoremen and fisher folk along the lower reaches of the river Thames; and he has embodied much of what he knows in a strong and unusual story, called in the American edition *The Issue,* but which appeared first in England under the much more effective title of *Fisherman's Gat.* Among the labyrinth of shoals which throng the river's mouth, so runs the prologue, lies Fisherman's Gat, a venturesome passage, marked at low water by a strip of seething foam; but when the tide is high small vessels can pass the bar in safety. "It is the fisherman's gateway through the Long Sands, and saves many a mile to those who use it. But the superstition which was woven about the place deep in the shadow of bygone years dies slowly, and those who believe will go far to avoid the misery of the curse." It is with this curse of the Gat, and with the hardy, ignorant, superstitious folk who fear it, that the story has to do. More specifically it is the story of a shipowner who paid with his life the penalty for being a hard taskmaster, and whose murder in the black obscurity of a foggy night is laid at the door of a bold, independent, thoroughly likeable young skipper of a Thames tugboat. It is on the eve of his marriage with the girl who has trusted him too well, with the unwise generosity of her kind, and their banns are up. But when the sudden terror comes upon him of being accused of a deed he has not done, he forgets his duty, forgets the dire need of the girl he is bound in honour to marry, and disappears over night, with a vague promise to send for her later. But the anxious weeks lengthen out to months, and still no word comes from him, no clue except a fragment of the boat in which he was known to have begun his flight. The

"The Issue"

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murder, the skipper's disappearance, the girl's anguished waiting, together with another man's crude efforts to force her into a loveless marriage, make up the substance of this story, which in addition to its dramatic strength, gives one the sensation of having passed through an art collection of rare marine views, delicately wrought etchings that mirror back with surprising fidelity the murky darkness of mist-veiled water, the mystery of far-off, flickering lights, the silent passing of shadowy hulls, looming up suddenly out of the fog, and disappearing just as suddenly, swallowed up by the darkness from which they came—the whole dim, strange phantasmagoria of night life on the Thames.

Another writer who has pre-empted his share of a special corner of the world is Lawrence Mott, who revealed in *Jules of the Great Heart* his intimate knowledge of the Indians and half-breeds, the trappers, scouts, and mounted police of Northwest Canada. What is of more importance, he combines with his special understanding of local life and character a sympathetic insight into the fundamental joys and griefs of men and women that are the same the wide world over; and in his new collection of short stories, *The White Darkness,* just as in his previous writings, it is not alone the forceful portrayal of primitive life, the loneliness and isolation of biting cold, the dangers and privations, the primeval savagery of mankind forced to the surface by the instinct of self-preservation, which grips the reader's attention with compelling force. All this, although admirably done, has been done before; it has been done with equal vividness and more brutality by Jack London. What differentiates the stories of Lawrence Mott from those of Mr. London is the occasional unforeseen flash of generosity and self-sacrifice, the revelation of tenderness in unexpected quarters, that shines out like a beacon light across the gloom of the pictures he draws. Such a story as "The Current of Fear," drawn with a strength that compels a shudder, is not an example of Lawrence Mott at his best. The picture of a boastful drunkard, starting off alone to drive a team of savage wolf-dogs on a three-days' journey across the snow, and then as the fictitious courage derived from the whiskey gradually ebbs away, realising little by little that his command over the dogs is slipping from him, is precisely the sort of theme in which Jack London would revel. But stories like "Jacquette," who sacrificed her child to save the life of the man she loved; "Wilkinson's Chance," where one of the Mounted Police threw away a long-awaited chance of promotion in order that a prisoner might go to the bedside of his dying boy; and "Love in the Wilderness," in which a constable who has for months been seeking a man accused of having robbed the Hudson Bay Company's store, sets his prisoner free because there is a half-breed woman who loves the thief and will be lonely without him—because, in short, this constable, who has somehow failed in the one great love of his own life, "knows love when he sees it"—such stories have a distinctive quality about them which deserves to be emphasised on the infrequent occasions when it is met with.

"The White Darkness"

Jack London's new book, *Before Adam,* does not need to have a great deal said about it. It may be the result of a good deal of scientific research into the latest accepted theories of evolution and atavism, but the popularity of a work of fiction is seldom in direct ratio to its scientific accuracy. *Before Adam,* like *The Story of Ab,* by Stanley Waterloo, from which Mr. London owns that he received his inspiration, is a prehistoric romance, a picture of human life in the palæolithic age. The chief difference in method between the two books is that Mr. Waterloo begins, as most novelists do begin, in a purely objective statement of the period and the environment; while Mr. London writes in the first person, describing the sensations of a man of to-day, who from childhood has been haunted by strange dreams, visions of vast, gloomy forests, of wild, breathless flights through the trees, swinging from branch to branch, and ever and again of fearful falls, falls that never ended, because at the crucial instant the dreamer

"Before Adam"

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always awoke. These dreams he gradually learned to explain scientifically as inherited memories, handed down through countless generations from some remote ancestor, some uncouth, ape-like creature living before mankind had learned to polish his rude stone weapons, before he had learned the art of fire, before he had acquired more than the rudiments of speech. In all his stories it is the animal side of man which appeals to Mr. London, and which he chooses to accentuate. In writing *Before Adam* he has reached his limit in that direction, because it would be impossible to debase even the prehistoric man any further and have him retain a vestige of humanity. Indeed, while reading *Before Adam* we ask ourselves more than once whether it is not a romance of prehistoric chimpanzees rather than our own progenitors.

A generation ago a certain sort of circular painting, called a cyclorama, representing "London by Daylight," "Paris by Night," "The Battle of Gettysburg," and the like, attained a great popularity. Some of these paintings were done with skill, and others were painfully out of drawing; but good and bad alike relied upon a trick to help along the optical illusion—they would have in the foreground certain real objects placed close to the canvas and blending so cleverly with the painting that it took sharp eyes to detect the point of union. Perhaps the object would be a cannon, and you would overhear animated debates between the spectators as to how much of the cannon was real and how much painted; was it a whole cannon? or was one of the wheels real and the other one drawn in? There is a certain class of novels that always suggest comparison with these cycloramas, in so far as they work into the fabric of the story certain actual occurrences of real life. *The Cage,* by Charlotte Teller, is a case in point. It deals with the well-remembered Haymarket riots in Chicago and the arrest, trial and conviction of the men who instigated them. History is copied quite faithfully, even down to the episode of one of the condemned prisoners dynamiting himself in prison. Just how far it is fact and how far it is fiction the reader remains in doubt. Is the further wheel of the cannon real or is it painted? Aside from this rather irritating feature, which savours of trick-work, the book is a good piece of work, painting in certain aspects of labour troubles with broad, comprehensive brush strokes.

"The Cage"

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I.

Mr. Ogden's "Life of Edwin Lawrence Godkin"*

Mr. Godkin exercised so great an influence in American political and social life as to insure a warm welcome for an adequate biography of him. It goes without saying that Mr. Rollo Ogden ought to be the ideal biographer, because of his long personal and professional relations with Mr. Godkin, and because he is a practiced writer with much of that pungency of style which his former chief exhibited so often. Most Americans of mature years are familiar with the later phases of Mr. Godkin's editorial career. His early life and training are less generally known; and it is, therefore, to the opening chapters of this biography that one turns most eagerly.

Born in Ireland, but of English stock, young Godkin inherited from his father both mental vigour and positiveness of character. As a boy he is described as

*A Life of Edwin Lawrence Godkin. By Rollo Ogden. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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having been an omnivorous reader; and at school he edited a small newspaper—written by hand—which impressed his fellows by "the authority of its tone." Here, surely, the boy was the father of the man. At Queens College, Belfast, he made his mark by winning a scholarship and by his devotion to political economy and Liberal politics. As he himself afterward wrote: "John Stuart Mill was our prophet, and Grote and Bentham were our daily food." He adds: "America was our promised land."

> All, or nearly all, that we knew about America, however, came from De Tocqueville. American newspapers were unknown, and Americans were rather rare birds. The gorgeous cheque-drawing American, with castles, moors, and salmon rivers in Scotland, was still to make his appearance. The occasional stray American that one came across was as like as not to have come over to "place" a coal field or the stock of a railroad, and was not unlikely to be attired in black, with a dress coat and a black satin waistcoat, to the amusement of the light-minded; and anything he told us, no matter how beautiful, was swallowed with eager credulity.

At the time when he took his degree, in 1851, at the age of twenty, his sister describes him as having been "a very handsome, refined, delicate-looking young man—witty, brilliant, charming, proud, with a fiery temper, but lovable and affectionate." Going to London, he read law at Lincoln's Inn, but soon took to writing for *Cassell's Magazine*, and was presently engaged to prepare a history of Hungary, which, though somewhat rhetorical, was not otherwise immature in style. It must have been rather widely circulated in its time; for when Mr. Godkin visited Hungary in the following year (1854) he was presented with a sword by his admirers in that country. Soon afterward he became the foreign correspondent of the London *Daily News* and went to the Crimea. Here he had what Mr. Ogden calls "a powerfully moulding experience," and one which he thoroughly enjoyed. It was in the Crimea—at that time the theatre of a mighty war—that his mind became stored with valuable knowledge, while his native powers of observation and of thought were immensely stimulated. To this period we may date back that hatred of war which ever after animated him and sometimes brought upon him acrid criticism from those who thought it sprang from lack of patriotic feeling.

Mr. Ogden quotes very fully both from Mr. Godkin's private journals and from his letters to the *Daily News*. These extracts are extraordinarily entertaining. They show that at the age of twenty-two Mr. Godkin had already attained a rare facility in writing and a keen scent for whatever was interesting and piquant. Most amusing is his account of the very Gallic activities of General Bosquet at Varna. One is tempted to reproduce a part of it:

> When General Bosquet came here from Gallipoli a few weeks ago on his way to Shumla, the contrast between his French activity and vivacity and the Bulgaro-Turkish phlegm and *sang froid* formed a spectacle such as has not been witnessed in Varna within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." He rushed about on foot from place to place, inspecting everything, turning everything and everybody topsy-turvy, asking innumerable questions and, in short, completely bewildering everybody from the pacha to the private soldier. He had all the troops paraded, and made a minute inspection of their arms and accoutrements, trundling them and their officers about like so many footmen, with an amount of assurance never before, I believe, displayed by a European. . . . He took occasion to inform them that in France the soldiers always wrapped their cartridges in pieces of oil cloth, so as to protect them effectually against damp or any other injury, and then in a loud voice ordered the interpreter to inform the men *qu'un soldat doit conserver ses munitions comme il conserve sa maîtresse*. It is easier to imagine than describe the sensation produced by this announcement, as any allusion to the fair sex in Turkey is always objectionable. Hardly had the audience recovered from the effects of this giaour metaphor, when the gallant officer declared that when his division came here he would sweep all the streets, give them names, number all the houses, bring the water of the lake into the town, and finally order his bands to play every evening, and make all the women dance to the

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music. *Je ferai danser ces femmes—je les ferai gaies.* He then turned round and suddenly commenced haranguing the Egyptians in Arabic, and took his departure, leaving everybody dumbfounded. From considerations of humanity, it is to be hoped he will never have an opportunity of carrying his threats into effect, as I am persuaded most of the inhabitants would never survive the cleaning of the streets, numbering of the houses, and seeing their wives and daughters capering about to the sound of the last waltz, in company with little red-trousered chasseurs.

Returning from the Crimea, Mr. Godkin presently embarked for the United States, where he arrived in November, 1856, on the eve of a Presidential election. At Tammany Hall he listened to a Southern senator denounce the Abolitionists and declare that everybody present "would be the better for a good nigger to wait upon him." At the Academy of Music he heard the Hutchinson family sing songs at a Frémont meeting, "in the intervals between speeches, that astounded me by their heat and extravagance." In the South, Mr. Godkin observed slavery at close range, and was rather horrified by the effect of that institution upon men of all classes. He tells of how in a private house some one happened to mention the bitterness of speech of a certain political orator; whereupon a young Presbyterian minister who was present remarked: "If any man talked that way about me I should lie in wait for him and kill him!" To this Christian sentiment the company assented as a matter of course; and Mr. Godkin was the only person whom it shocked. All the letters which he wrote at this time bristle with significant facts and suggestive observations, giving, indeed, a very intimate picture of the United States of that day.

Returning a second time to America, Mr. Godkin broadened his acquaintance so that it included all the men and women who were notable for their attainments. The New York *Tribune* seemed to him an admirable paper. In 1857 its staff included men like Charles A. Dana, George William Curtis, and Bayard Taylor. He afterwards recorded his impressions of these men and of Bryant, who then edited the *Evening Post,* and who was not on speaking terms with Greeley, whom he was accustomed to call "a blackguard." Mr. Godkin was very friendly with Dana, of whom he said: "At that time the wildest reporter of a yellow journal could not have foreshadowed his solar career."

Mr. Godkin's third visit to the United States was in 1862, immediately after the battle of Antietam, one of the most critical periods of the Civil War. Recognising the moral strength of the Union cause, he gave a support to that cause which was of the greatest value. He had already defended the seizure of Mason and Slidell; and he now, in his letters to the London *Daily News,* put forth all his powers of exposition, argument and description. His earlier experience in the Crimean War made him keen to detect the significance of military movements. He foretold Grant's success at Vicksburg and Lee's defeat at Gettysburg. "Sherman's plans, however, completely baffled Mr. Godkin, and when they were at last unfolded with such magnificent success, he ranked him among the greatest generals of history." He also made clear to English readers the magnitude of the struggle, and helped to clear their minds of the confusion which newspaper bombast had produced upon them. He wrote:

The newspapers have correspondents with every corps, but they are mostly penny-a-liners, who before it broke out were engaged in attending fires, launches, and the police courts, and their communications from the seat of war are what you might expect from men of this stamp—a series of wild ravings about the roaring of the guns and whizzing of the shells and the superhuman valour of the men, interspersed with fulsome puffs of some captain or colonel with whom they happen to pass the night. There is rarely an attempt at a piece of accurate description or even of sober narrative. The result is that a thousand great things are done every week which, had an English army done them and a Russell described them, would have made the world ring, but are now only seen by the mass of the public through the haze of ungrammatical bombast.

His picture of Farragut, whom he met at a social function, is worthy of quotation. It was during the visit of the Russian squadron to New York.

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The English admiral and the Russian admiral, a large number of their officers, together with some Italian and French ones, from men-of-war in the harbour, as well as several military celebrities, were present. There was a dazzling glitter of epaulettes and decorations. Farragut was just fresh from Port Hudson, and everybody was eager to see him; but it was no easy matter to find him. He was always in a corner, always behind a crowd—a small man in a very plain and unpretending, almost shabby, uniform, with no ornament but a pair of shoulder-straps that evidently had seen better days. He talked very quietly; has a somewhat pensive and rather shy face, though there is unmistakably an immense amount of fight in his eye; and yet, surrounded by a group of gorgeous Russians, *tout brodés et chamarrés d'or,* each of whom could have thrown him out of the window with one hand, one would hardly have imagined that he and his *Hartford* would probably have "given a good account" of the whole Muscovite squadron then lying in the harbour.

Such good service to the Union cause was rendered by Mr. Godkin that he was accused of being a hired agent of the Government at Washington. This accusation affords an interesting gloss upon that other accusation made in later times by high protectionists, to the effect that he was a free trader, bribed by British gold to destroy the industries of his adopted country. After the war had ended, Mr. Godkin engaged in miscellaneous literary work, writing for the *North American Review,* the *Atlantic Monthly,* and as an editorial contributor to the New York *Times.* His great opportunity came to him, however, when the *Nation* was founded, in 1865. Forty stockholders had furnished a capital of $100,000, and Mr. Godkin was engaged to edit the periodical at a salary of $5000. The attempt seemed very hazardous. Mr. Dana remarked that he did not believe that the experiment would be successful. Before success was really sure, many difficulties had to be overcome—the inertia of the public, to whom such a journal was wholly new, the suspicions of the Radicals, and the meddling of the stockholders. Nevertheless, the ability and tenacity of its editor finally prevailed.

He threw himself into the work unsparingly. Those who knew him only in later life would be surprised at the mastery of printing-detail and business statement which he showed in his frequent letters to Norton. Nothing escaped him. He was fertile in suggestion, quick and docile in acting upon advice. Various plans were tried in the course of the first year in the hope of putting the *Nation* on its feet financially. Olmsted was brought in for a time as associate editor. The experiment was made, in the second volume, of a semi-weekly issue. The price was raised. The size was changed. But the end of the first year saw nearly all the capital drawn upon. Virtual liquidation followed. A faithful few stood by; the rest of the stockholders were bought out. Mr. Godkin took over the property, throwing up his contract for another twelvemonth, and, instead of the *Nation* Association, the proprietors were thereafter E. L. Godkin & Co.

In the end the *Nation* became firmly established. It was styled, both here and abroad, "the best American newspaper"; and James Russell Lowell declared that Mr. Godkin himself had become "a power." From this time on, his career continued successfully. He became a great moulder of educated opinion, a force by which men were swayed, perhaps unconsciously, but none the less effectually. We should like to quote a score of estimates which Mr. Godkin made of his contemporaries—of Greeley and Dana, of Sumner and Goldwin Smith, of Seward and Lincoln, and of the foul creatures who ruled New York when Tweed was chief of Tammany Hall. Space, however, will not permit, and its limitations must also prevent us from following out the later history of Mr. Godkin as editor of the *Evening Post.* Suffice it to say that here is a mass of the most fascinating material—description, character-drawing, and anecdote—conveyed in a style which represents the perfection of journalistic skill.

It remains for us to say a word as to the manner in which Mr. Ogden has discharged his function of biographer. In his life of Prescott, which was published three years ago, he showed himself to be an admirable collector of interesting data. That work was in reality a series of excerpts from the *personalia* of Prescott,

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strung together by a thread of slight though interesting comment. That perhaps was an excellent method in writing the biography of one whom Mr. Ogden could not himself have personally known. We do not, however, regard it as the best to be adopted in narrating the life of one with whom Mr. Ogden had an intimate acquaintance. Seven-tenths of the present work is made up of extracts from Godkin's letters and memoranda, while Mr. Ogden himself contributes very little out of the abundant stores of his own knowledge. In other words, it is marvellously clever editing, but it lacks something which enters into really great biographies. We miss that full and intimate characterisation which Mr. Ogden is so admirably qualified to give. His method suggests either indolence or a wrong conception of what such a book should be. Here we have pearls, not strung, perhaps, at random, but still suggestive of a too great self-suppression on the part of him who strung them. The book is immensely interesting. In it Mr. Godkin reveals himself; but the revelation is incomplete because it is not corrected and sufficiently expounded by a frank interpreter.

Richard W. Kemp.

II

Henry James's "The American Scene"*

Disappointment of one sort or another, and in greater or less degree, seems the inevitable portion of readers of Mr. James in his latest phase; and that from the very nature of the case and the reader. This individual will be one of two "types." He will be, perhaps, the self-sufficient critic of Oshkosh (which is within a stone's throw of Broadway), who, having read and admired *Daisy Miller,* looked askance at *The Tragic Muse,* and thrown up his hands in disgust at *The Sacred Fount,* seizes this newest book with the idea that at last he will catch Henry James in the open, where he can no longer dodge behind those psychological ramparts so easily erected in his novels; at last he will know what there is in the man. Well, he will know quickly enough: the same wearisome verbiage, grown more pompously absurd than ever; the same empty affectation of subtlety, the same inane playing with words out of which no sane, healthy man can conjure the ghost of an idea. And this is, we may conceive, for him, the end of Henry James; hereafter this expatriated American will plead to deaf ears in Oshkosh.

Or this putative reader will be what is known as a James enthusiast. He will come to the book with the remembrance of past delights of the keenest sort; still under the sharp impression of Maisie's pathetic story, the international drama of Chad and Mme. de Vionnet, the high tragedy of Maggie and her Prince. To one with these prepossessions the book will bring a sense that something positive is lacking. Here is no pathos, no tragedy, no drama. One finds the placid discourse of the social philosopher, the utterance of a most objective, if alert, mind, passing in review the places and objects, the features and types that, after an absence of twenty-five years, strike him as salient in the American scene. It is, at first glance, a Henry James novel stripped of drama, stripped of personality. It is all very well for the imagined reader to assure himself that he had no right to expect anything else; anticipation there will inevitably have been, and the disappointment will follow as inevitably.

On the self-sufficient critic neither pity nor regret need be wasted; he is his own best reward. But a certain measure of sympathy and forbearance may be accorded the enthusiast, in view of the truer estimate at which he may, with patience, arrive. Once let him escape from the philistine's fallacy of condemning a book for not being what it never set out to be and he is on the road to critical health. Then, looking more deeply, he may well begin to question that impersonality, that objectivity to which I have alluded. A most objective mind, I said; rather, a mind working in accordance with a most objective method. In his actual preoccupations no writer of fiction was ever more subjective than Henry James. And so

*The American Scene. By Henry James. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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we find him "the restless analyst," as he felicitously terms himself, not so much of the American scene as of his own impressions, his own ideas and emotions in the face of its phenomena.

With the recognition of this truth comes the recovery of the sense of personality which at our first glance we seemed to miss. It is an intensely human document. This inveterate subjectivity, this persistent preoccupation with his own sensations, is but one in the congeries of happy circumstances by which Mr. James is so ideally "placed" for the seizing and recording of the subtler shades of contrast in our moral landscape. Equally favourable to his project is his signal advantage over the merely American observer of a quarter century's contact with the complexities of Europe, and over the merely foreign observer of his native birth. More rarely fortunate still is his possession of the finest and ripest intelligence (I do not say the richest personality) ever, among our English writers of fiction, devoted to a lifelong study of the interaction of character and environment. Such a finely sensitised mind, exposed to a view rich in significant detail, could not fail to record impressions potentially the most precious. The question of their actual value for our use will be solely one of their communicability.

And this leads straight to a challenging interrogation of that famous "style." Into the large and suggestive general question this is not the place to enter; but a random note or two on the Henry-jamesian idiom as it appears in the book before us may be permitted. At the risk, then, of earning the contempt of the enthusiast and—still more horrible thought! —the applause of the self-sufficient critic, I confess that I found too many pages wearisome and, in proportion to the toil demanded of the reader, meaningless. These wire-drawn distinctions are often so attenuated that the slender thread snaps at the lightest jar. There are times when Mr. James gives the impression of trying to live up to his own reputation. Strangely enough, this impression obtrudes itself with special persistence in the chapters on New England and Boston. He is most vague where the flood of association, historical and personal, might be expected to be highest. That this fact has its special meaning—a meaning which, however, each reader must trace for himself—is emphasised by the further fact that his clearest and most acute observation, his most penetrating criticism, is evoked by a scene with which he may be supposed relatively unfamiliar and unsympathetic—that of our Southern States. It would indeed be hard to match, for freshness and beauty and the rarest insight, the chapter on Richmond, which seems to me on the whole the most beautiful accomplishment in the book. Again, defying our obvious expectation, in the chapters which have to do with New York he is at his happiest, if not his most illuminating, when dealing with the Bowery.

But these are matters of "style" in the largest sense that can be assigned to the term. On the lower plane of the mere manipulation of words, the turning of phrases, Mr. James is, if at his worst, also at his best in this book. Nothing could exceed the felicity of the expression he frequently gives to some shrewd observation. He imposes the final form on an oft-noted characteristic of American life when he remarks "the will to grow" as everywhere in evidence. He is struck with the prevalence, in and about New York, of "the business-man face," and registers the "failure of the sexes to keep step socially." He pays his wondering, amused tribute to the American shoe-dealer and dentist, to "the presentable foot and the far-shining dental gold"; confessing also his amazement at American vagaries in the matter of hats. He even finds a new and quaintly striking simile for the jagged New York sky-line —"the multitudinous skyscrapers standing up to the view, from the water, like extravagant pins in a cushion already overplanted, and stuck in as in the dark, anywhere and anyhow," which offsets a later and less fortunate comparison with a gigantic comb set on its back, its teeth broken and irregular. These fragmentary quotations are, of course, inadequate. The many charming passages that would represent their author fairly are somewhat too long for transcription. They are, however, enough, I hope, to

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indicate even to the unenthusiastic that the book is not an impenetrable and unrelieved bog of obscurities. Whether its lucid intervals are worth the expenditure of some effort and attention, the exercise of some tolerance for what is not to the immediate point, must remain, in spite of anything I might say, the problem of the individual reader.

Edward Clark Marsh.

III

MAARTEN MAARTENS'S "THE WOMAN'S VICTORY"*

Mr. Maartens's new book, a collection of short stories of unequal quality, is remarkable chiefly for the sidelight it throws upon the recent more or less profitable discussion of a somewhat remotely "literary" question, "Should Authors Travel?" If not a globe-trotter, Mr. Maartens is certainly a cosmopolite, familiar with London, Paris, and the Riviera, at home in the society of wealth and fashion that has its seasons there. It is an international society, whose members hide their deeper national differentiations for the moment under a surface community of manners and customs and ways of living, under a cloak of conventions that alone makes such kaleidoscopic intercourse not only possible, but delightful. Every race, every nationality, however, possesses in varying measure, regulated in its expression by the degree of its civilisation, a protective instinct that bids it hide from the foreigner the sacred foundations of home, hearth, and family, the moral and mental principles that shape the national life which supports the state. The visitor from abroad is welcome to study a people's history, literature, institutions; he will receive whatever aid he may require in the pursuit of his investigations, but beyond a certain line he is not allowed to penetrate; nor, if he be experienced and have learned wisdom, will he make the attempt. He may catch an accidental glimpse of what lies beyond, when the guardians are off their guard, but the instinct ever perceives its remissness immediately and resumes the defensive, whether it be under the soft and pliant cloak of good manners or under the hard, glaring buckler of rudeness of common people and peasantry. He who knows social London, therefore, is not justified in assuming that he understands the true inwardness of English life; a sojourn in the heart of the country itself is likely to result but in a clearer realisation of the effectiveness of the cloak. The salons of Paris are not an index to the national characteristics of the French, who, too, guard their racial secrets jealously. The cloak is never lifted the world over, and never, it appears, can be drawn aside. The foreigner attempting to deal with it in literature can hope, therefore, for only a superficial, much qualified success. Italians do not agree with the Anglo-Saxon estimate of the verisimilitude of Marion Crawford's novels of Italian life, and protest has come from India against Kipling's pictures of the native, whatever the truth of his sketches of Anglo-Indians.

Mr. Maartens has written most delightfully of the only nationality that interposes no obstruction to his vision—his own. He has interpreted it, so far as racial differences allow, from the Anglicised, if not the basic Anglo-Saxon, point of view; he has depicted the gay and serviceable cloak worn by the brilliant society of the Mediterranean shore with thorough knowledge and worldly wisdom, but when he attempts to deal with the intimacies of foreign life, high or low, his success can only be small. The cloak has not been lifted for him, the buckler has been kept on guard. In dealing with the intimate family affairs of an English manor-house, he proves himself a continental with an irreconcilably alien point of view; in the obscure French poet's apartment "at the top of a dingy barrack close to the Grand 'rue de Passy," he is unmistakably a foreigner groping blindly, familiar only with the traditional fiction of the situation, not with its facts. In most of the twenty-two stories of this volume, English, French, German, with a weak leavening of Dutch, one feels, and often sees, the cloak assumed before the stranger's eyes, the bounds set to his intimacy; one more than suspects, to counterbalance the disadvantage, a reliance upon native authors for the more delicate

*The Woman's Victory. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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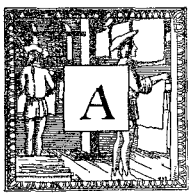
details of psychology, *milieu,* and atmosphere. Stranger still is the impression made by the Dutch stories, for they suggest the expatriate remembering and readjusting the national viewpoint but with difficulty. Maarten Maartens's artistic case is a complicated one. A Hollander by birth, an English novelist by choice, he yet shows hardly a trace in his later work of an English literary consciousness. Since he repudiates all connection with the Dutch "sensitivist" school (in his novels of Dutch life he stands, none the less, much nearer to the Couperus of *Eline Vere* than he apparently realises) one is forced to seek his literary affiliations among the Frenchmen, from Bourget to Paul Hervieu. No, an author should not be too ambitious an explorer on his foreign travels. The native writer, even of inferior talent to his, holds him at a disadvantage.

Of the stories in this volume little need be said. One can only wonder that a novelist of Mr. Maartens's standing has cared to gather in permanent form these unimportant contributions to various periodicals.

A. Schade van Westrum.

THE MODERN HEROINE IN ILLUSTRATION



A successful novel without a hero is easy to imagine, but it is difficult to conceive of a story achieving any large measure of success that did not contain a heroine. The author will naturally give her all the necessary attractiveness, and the reader who is possessed of any imagination at all will have a mental picture of her, but it remains for the illustrator to actually draw her picture, and it is manifestly essential that he portray her in a manner that will be acceptable at least to the greatest number of readers. The difficulty of the illustrator's task, then, is evident when it is considered that every reader's impression of the heroine must vary more or less in some detail. Indeed, the writer has found it quite the exception when the reader wholly approves of the illustrator's production. Still less is it likely to meet the approval of the author himself. Added to these difficulties there is still another element that he must consider, and that is the constant requirement of the publisher that the heroine be a "popular" type, and this without regard to the author's description of the character. Probably this last requirement represents the greatest influence on the illustrator to-day, and the publisher will say with truth that the reading public itself has made it necessary.

Having these conditions in mind, it may be interesting for the reader of fiction to consider some noted heroines who have appeared in illustration within the last two decades.

Instinctively we select first that most fascinating and original of characters, Trilby. Here is an exceptional instance where the drawing of the heroine was undoubtedly perfectly acceptable to the author, since the author was the illustrator as well. Trilby was interesting as all of Du Maurier's women are interesting. But she differed not at all from the inevitable type of the women in his drawings. There was really nothing distinctive in his picturing of this heroine, but the charm which he gave her personality in the story made such a pleasant and lasting impression that thereafter one instinctively characterised all his pictures of women as Trilbys.

This same phenomenon, so to speak, is to be found in Charles Dana Gib-

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DU MAURIER'S TRILBY

By courtesy of Messrs. Harper and Brothers

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JANICE MEREDITH

By courtesy of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company

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A. B. WENZEL'S LYDIA BART

By courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON'S PRINCESS ALINE

By courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons

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MARTIN JUSTICE'S PAM

By Courtesy of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company

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HARRISON FISHER'S BEVERLY

By Courtesy of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON'S THE PRINCESS FLAVIA

By Courtesy of Messrs. Henry Holt and Company

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son's portrayal of the heroine in *The Soldiers of Fortune*. This young woman was simply a "Gibson Girl," though that means much. She may or may not have fairly represented the description of the author. But what was of greater importance to the publisher was the fact that she was in every sense a "popular" type.

Probably no heroine created more discussion nor reached a greater popularity a few years back than "Flavia" in that alluring tale of adventure *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Here the artist seemed to catch the true characteristics of the heroine as subtle and captivating as they were.

From a standpoint of popularity there has probably been no artist's characterisation of a heroine that can be compared with the head study, by Harrison Fisher, of *Beverly of Graustark*. Mr. Fisher gave us a sweet and truly popular type, with the result that the demand alone for this picture far exceeded the supply, and the publishers still receive requests for the picture, although the book was published two years ago.

Another more recent heroine, most originally conceived by the author and fascinating in the extreme, is *Pam*.

It is easy to perceive that the artist, Mr. Martin Justice, with great conscience and genuine interest in the character and the story, worked out his conception without regard to "popular" taste and with no other idea than to accomplish his own definite impression.

It is interesting to learn that in this instance the author was peculiarly pleased with the artist's work, for it is recorded that she remarked that the head study was absolutely perfect, so far as her own conception was concerned. This was great praise indeed, but undoubtedly deserved.

No reader of that first and probably most popular of the historic novels, *Janice Meredith*, will fail to recall the attractive portrait of this heroine, which appeared on the cover of the book. Concerning this the curious fact is related that the author, Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, had the portrait painted in miniature under his personal supervision, and it therefore exactly represents his conception of the character.

Many other artists' heroines could be named, but for the most part they represent only the popular type referred to and are not to be distinguished for any striking characteristics; this, however, is not to be laid at the door of the artist. The publisher is admittedly responsible for the lack of variety and interest in the types of the modern heroine. "Make her pretty" is the inevitable instructions to the illustrator, which is virtually saying, "Make her without any particular character," and to justify this the publisher will explain that the reading public demands the "pretty" type, which to a large degree is perfectly true. It is the reading public, then, that must be educated to an appreciation of character in the type of the illustrator's heroine. This should not be difficult of accomplishment, for the reader appreciates, indeed expects, certain characteristics in the author's description of the character. Why, then, should not the illustrator portray all of these in his picture and in doing so make it more lifelike and acceptable?

This indifference to accuracy in picturing the heroine, or rather the sacrificing of character to meet the popular demand, is at times carried to a degree that the reader little suspects. It is a well-known fact that in several instances a picture of the heroine has been made without the artist having read the story, the result being so successful from a "popular" standpoint that the author obligingly changed his description of the character to suit the artist's conception. Again, a fanciful head or "full length" has been found among an artist's discarded pictures and made the heroine of a story which at the time was unfinished by the author. Thus art is sacrificed for commercialism, and unless the reaction comes soon we may in due time expect the advent of the "Heroine Trust." Shades of Michael Angelo! Is not such a prospect sufficiently discouraging?

Laurence Burnham.

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MADAME RÉCAMIER

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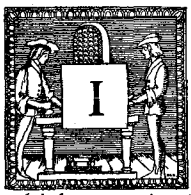
MADAME RÉCAMIER, SEEN IN THE LIGHT OF NEW DOCUMENTS

. . . les femmes n'ont point de caste ni de race, leur beauté, leur grâce et leur charme leur servant de naissance et de famille. Leur finesse native, leur instinct d'élégance, leur souplesse d'esprit, sont leur seule hiérarchie, et font des filles du peuple les égales des plus grandes dames. *Guy de Maupassant.*



IN 1798 the French Revolution broke out; in 1792 the Convention proclaimed the Republic; in 1795 the government of the Convention was replaced by the Directoire, which was in its turn replaced by the Consulat in 1799, and later, in 1804, by the Empire. The Restoration took place in 1814, at first interrupted by the return of Napoleon from the island of Elba. After several changes of Ministry there was, in 1830, a change of dynasty, and in 1848 the second Republic overthrew the monarchy once more.

In this long and agitated period of over half a century, when the men in power, shining meteors, followed each other with an incredible rapidity, one person of real although not so very apparent power remained untouched by vicissitudes of fortune, if we except only a few weeks' exile from Paris on account of her friendship with an enemy of Napoleon I.; this seemingly irreducible power was a woman, Madame Récamier.

Born from the most bourgeois stock imaginable, married to a roturier of the most genuine type, a former hat manufacturer, she is like a symbol of the ideals represented by the French Revolution. Placed in the very midst of unceasing storms, she remained unharmed, and when everything was over, there she stood still smiling, still conquering hearts and minds, still admired and loved by old and young.

Many things regarding the action of that remarkable woman, who has been sometimes slandered, but much more frequently exalted, have never been as yet explained satisfactorily. She has now found a thorough and reliable biographer. The work of Mr. Herriot, *Madame Récamier et ses amis,* has been defined well enough "un pavé sur une rose." The two large volumes are long, it is true, but when you have read them all through conscientiously you do not regret your labour, for you feel that you can now draw for yourself a picture, exact and consistent enough, of the interesting heroine. The author of the work is not much in your way with theories of his own; he is even so sober in regard to personal reflections, so anxious to pile up documents upon documents, and not to take sides, that at times you almost think that you are reading a thick German treatise on some very dry and abstract topic. It was certainly a feat to write those thousand pages about the charms of a beauty whom no man could see without almost immediately falling on his knees, and never to become in the least excited or enthusiastic himself. Mr. Herriot must be a monk.

Our intention is to pick out two or three problems regarding this fascinating woman, and to examine them in the light thrown upon her by the work of Mr. Herriot.

In the first place, what was it that made Madame Récamier so universally beloved among her contemporaries for three successive generations?

It was not her beauty. It does not matter how often we are told that she was pretty; she may, as artists tell us, have been the model for all the Beatrixes in Italy since Canova made two busts of her in 1813; this is not enough. Beauty goes a long way, but not all the way. There were three "Graces" under the Directoire—Madame Tallien, Joséphine de Beauharnais, and Madame Récamier. As far as beauty is concerned, it was not Madame Récamier who cre-

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ated the greatest stir of the three; and yet the celebrity of the first two was ephemeral, and Madame Récamier became a star of first magnitude after the time was over when a woman is most beautiful.

Was it, then, her intelligence? All who have known her have agreed that she was by no means what one should call either a great mind or a particularly keen or clever mind.

Attempts have been made to compare her with all sorts of famous women who played a great part in the history of their times. This, too, has never yielded satisfactory results. Madame Récamier remains unique. She is different from all—but again, how?

It has just been pointed out that she has often been compared with other women of fame and that no case was found that could match hers. Is not perhaps there the key to the enigma? Is she not perhaps extraordinary among extraordinary women because she is an ordinary woman, a woman endowed with all the gifts of normal womanhood, nothing more, but also nothing less? The mere fact of trying to raise herself above the average persons of her sex is something so important to a woman that she concentrates all her energies in that direction and becomes denatured (this word being not taken in an unfavourable sense, since we admit that there are other good things in the world than women); or, if she remains womanly, she plays alternately one part and the other; now she is a woman, now she is—the other, Dr. Jekyll and Mrs. Hyde. For Madame Récamier it was entirely different; our theory is that she achieved fame because she was an ideal woman, not because she realised the ideal of a woman. This explains her unheard-of popularity with men, who did not so much admire her as they adored her. It is almost comical to read about the incredible procession of lovers of the good lady. Involuntarily it reminds one of the monotonous epics of the Middle Ages, which consist of an interminable succession of duels, fought always in the same manner with the same strokes, against rival knights or Pagan chiefs, who are invariably conquered by the hero. Emperor, kings, princes, bourgeois; Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, Italians; philosophers, scholars of all stamps, artists, hommes du monde—all surrender to her charms. While a young woman she was passionately loved by old men as well as by young; when an old lady she was passionately adored by young as well as by old; when a father had withdrawn from the ranks of lovers the son would step in and take his place.

And never was there a crash around her. She could not respond to any of those loves with love; she made them *all* satisfied, all happy with her friendship, the only difference being that for some it would take a little more time than for others to tame their passion without extinguishing it. She would have such divinely charming attentions for those friends! Think of what she did for the old philosopher Ballanche. When he died after thirty years of unceasing friendship, perfect devotion, touching disinterestedness, she, knowing that he was all alone in this world, had him buried in her own family vault, where she was to join him not very much later. What man would not be a thousand times more moved by a thought like that than by what the world calls the "favours" of a lady? And how many, many men have felt this soft hand soothing the griefs of cruel disappointments in this epoch of constant changes of fortunes! A man asks so very little from a woman; but so often she, being by no means necessarily a bad woman, but only utterly ignorant of her real power, she refuses just that little, that word of comfort, that hand stretched out gently, that smile of sympathy; or she offers instead all sorts of elaborate things and feelings for which a man does not care. Madame Récamier knew what to give; there lies the secret of her tremendous successes. She was an accomplished woman; absolutely nothing needs be added to that; there is the miracle, and, therefore, although it may appear paradoxical, in the whole gallery of women of fame in history Madame Récamier is the only one who owes her celebrity simply and solely to her womanliness. No wonder if present generations should find this so difficult to understand.

The theory according to which no

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human being *can* desire anything but his own happiness and pleasure, even if it is at the expense of the dearest friend, has many points to support it. In saying that Madame Récamier was a woman altogether devoted to her friends, a charming, fascinating woman, the writer does not mean to say that no element of selfishness ever entered her soul. No, indeed. In making others happy she surely did not forget herself; if perhaps she succeeded better with regard to others than with regard to herself, she shared the lot of a great many other people.

All women calculate; or, if one does not want to admit that they calculate more than men, at least they calculate better. To be sure, they appear often as if they did not at all realise that they calculate; but this is either because they succeed in making others believe that they do not or because they do it so naturally that they need not waste much energy over it and then do not think anything of it. So we may safely assume that Madame Récamier calculated just as any other person of her sex. Moreover, life is an art, and art means combination. It is seldom that a person succeeds in life without combining and planning, and this is even more true in society life than anywhere else; and therefore not only are we not surprised in the least to find that a woman who succeeded so marvellously well indulged in scheming, but this is also part of our genuine admiration for her. In simply admitting in Madame Récamier a fairly good talent for calculation—which women usually like to call tact—one may perhaps explain several so-called mysteries in her life.

It is not our intention to speak of her great devotion in the thirty last years of her life to the greatest egoist ever born—Chateaubriand. In this case three distinct factors were acting at the same time and with about equal force—there was the woman subjugated by the man when he is sufficiently vain (see Balzac about this!); the woman who is not indifferent at the idea of having her name associated with that of a man of such wide reputation, the religion of success in the fair sex; and finally, there was the kindness to a man who, after all, suffered from his conceit more than he got enjoyment from it.

But what about the long liaison between Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier? This is no doubt most extraordinary. We have great classical examples of most devoted and intimate friendships between two men—David and Jonathan, Orestes and Pylades, Damon and Pythias, Amis and Amiles, Montaigne and La Boétie. Of women we have only classical examples of hatred and jealousy—Sarah and Hagar, Medea and Glauce, Fredegund and Brunehaut, Elizabeth and Mary Stuart.* But here we have two women of no common stamp who remain on good terms for twenty years with only occasional scratches. Shall we have to change all our psychology of woman? Probably not. If one examines more closely the history of this remarkable liaison, one comes to the conclusion that it rested upon no small quantity of very clever calculation, but covered from the world by the most touching protestations of mutual devotion. Madame de Staël was the one who took active steps for the formation of the friendship; she was the older of the two by ten years, the keener, and, last but not least, the one who was more afraid of the other. All the time the friendship lasted—that is to say, until her death, in 1817—she was the one who proved by far the more anxious to keep the sentiment alive. Madame de Staël loved society and was ambitious; she was not slow to realise what danger the reputation of Madame Récamier could be for her salon; she knew that after all men prefer in a woman beauty and modesty, youth and charm, rather than fame; thus, fearing a rival, she made a friend of the much-courted Juliette. Under such circumstances the *méchante femme,* as she was more than once called, seems to have found no trouble whatsoever in controlling herself. She expressed her "love" at times with such a rhetorical enthusi-

*It is amusing to note in this connection that Madame d'Aubernon, who presided over the last literary salon of the nineteenth century, received pretty women at her table only two or three times a year; on all the other days of the year she "served" only eminent men—besides herself—to other eminent men.

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asm that even the sentimental atmosphere and the bombastic language of the age could not account for it alone.

Madame Récamier, on the other hand, understood well that she herself would derive profit from the bargain, for even if beauty and charm rank first in men's estimation of women, yet such wit and intellect as Madame de Staël's was an adornment not to be despised in a salon, and after all might last longer than beauty; thus she also decided to avoid the risk of competition. By the formation of this salon trust the two queens of society not only could be sure that no desirable *habitué* would desert, but each one would also gain by the desirable *habitués* of the other. It worked very well indeed, and the contract was faithfully kept on both sides.

This theory seems very unkind, but how is it possible not to be struck by the fact that two friends who claim to love each other so dearly, who are kept apart by no family duties, were satisfied to see each other mostly when surrounded by hosts of friends and admirers, and that they never tried to arrange to live together more than they did. In one instance this is particularly striking. Madame de Staël had been exiled since 1803, and she wrote pathetic letters to her friend in Paris saying how much she suffered in not seeing her every day, and calling her all sorts of endearing names; the notes written in answer to those letters, not so eloquent and not so numerous, are nevertheless equally full of feelings of deep regret. It required no little flattery and eloquence from Madame de Staël to induce Madame Récamier to visit her occasionally, and circumstances seem to have been perhaps more persuasive than the letters to bring about such brief visits. Madame Récamier spent, it is true, three or four months at Coppet, but the two women were both busily engaged in love affairs—the hostess with Benjamin Constant and the guest with the Prince of Prussia—which must not have left much time for friendship. But finally the time came when Madame Récamier was exiled also; one would naturally expect that now, at least, the two friends would fly in each other's arms. But nothing of this kind happened, and one fails to see the reason.* Madame de Staël was in Coppet and Madame Récamier established herself in Châlons.

In order to invalidate the theory, however, one might make the following reply. If it were true, as soon as Madame de Staël was exiled the artificial friendship was of no use any longer, and might as well have been given up; the real cause—namely, the possible jealousy between neighbouring salons—was then removed. Not altogether. For one thing Madame de Staël expected to return to Paris, and therefore must keep up appearances even while absent. Moreover, for Madame de Staël, at least, the friendship was to be even more useful than before, only in a different manner. She suffered very much on account of her exile; she declared over and over again that in no place of the world except in Paris could she live. And in fact she wrote day after day to her influential friend asking her, begging her, entreating her to act in her favour in Paris; as can be expected, the terms *ange, belle Juliette, belle amie,* and so forth, were not spared in this correspondence. Madame Récamier did all she could, and one must admit that she was the more disinterested of the two; besides the pleasing feature of counting among her most intimate friends a woman who was powerful enough to force Napoleon to take measures against her, and besides the fact that she was subjugated by Madame de Staël's intellectual superiority, as she was to be later by Chateaubriand's, there was in her the natural kindness that prompted to action. One should feel inclined to say that Madame Récamier submitted to this friendship rather than actually enjoyed it. The two were so different. Madame de Staël dealt with principles and desired men to act according to those principles, which were noble and generous; Madame Récamier was all her life governed by realities, and if she had any principles she was willing to sacrifice them any time when she was

*It is true that Madame Récamier was exiled only so and so many miles from Paris, while Madame de Staël was exiled from France, but if the second could not join the first, the first could perfectly well join the second.

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called on to oblige a friend in flesh and blood. As a gentle character always admires a strong one, Madame Récamier probably admired Madame de Staël very sincerely, but without well understanding the real object of her admiration. After Madame de Staël's death, Madame Récamier, in the Abbaye-aux-Bois, used to gather her guests in a room the most striking ornament of which was a picture of "Corinne Improvising at Cape Misene"; but never did the spirit of the passionated Corinne enter one inch into Juliette's heart.

The most curious problem in Madame Récamier's life is now before us, the famous *cas de Juliette*. How is it that this woman, so celebrated for her beauty and her womanly charm, never knew love?

There are two questions involved, which perhaps ought better to be kept apart—that of her marriage and that of the army of her rebuked lovers.

Julie Bernard was married at the age of fifteen to a man of forty-two, a friend of the family, who was at the time a rich banker in Paris. Other matches were being considered by the parents of Julie when Récamier, knowing of those circumstances, presented himself in his turn and was accepted. All that we know confirms what might have been expected —that Madame Récamier never could love her husband, but had for him only "filial" affection as he had for her "fatherly" affection. Why did Récamier want to marry a child whom he did not love and whose future celebrity could not be foreseen? How could she, who knew that she was beautiful and intelligent, and that she would surely have as many suitors as she wanted, accept so readily the idea of marrying a man much older than herself? Finally, how could the parents, who were good people, not only give her consent, but even induce the girl to yield to the match? The least preposterous explanation is also the most romantic. From an intelligent interpretation of a letter published by Mr. Herriot the truth seems to be that Juliette was Récamier's daughter, and thus that she married her father. This is how it occurred: Récamier had once loved Madame Bernard, and Juliette was the result of this love; the Revolution had broken out; Récamier had become very rich, and—we have positive proof of it—was threatened by the new government. He fully expected to go to the scaffold; he was so sure of it that he used daily to attend the executions so as to familiarise himself with the guillotine and behave manfully when his turn came. Under those circumstances he came naturally to think of some means by which he could leave his fortune to his natural heir without arousing suspicion; he proposed to marry Julie Bernard. The parents accepted, an agreement probably being made that the marriage should remain formal.

Were there other reasons—namely, that Julie could never be loved by any man? This need not be the case at all if the story is true, although it may have helped to remove the scruples which otherwise the parents might have entertained with regard to the proposed marriage; for all transactions, no doubt, had in good faith the happiness of the girl in view. Everything supported the belief that within a very short time Julie would be rich and free.

Nevertheless, by a stroke of good—or bad—luck that no one had anticipated, the unexpected took place. Récamier was not beheaded. But Julie was duly married—and here the discussion of the *cas de Juliette* would be in place. In the first place, it might be asked why, if the preceding story is true, no one ever thought of a divorce. Neither party would have considered the religious obstacle, *i.e.*, the fact that the Catholic Church does not recognise divorce, as an insuperable argument. Therefore it must be believed either that it was preferable now, for some reason, to adhere to the marriage or that there had been already some reason for accepting the match independently of the question of the transmission of fortune to Récamier's daughter. Both suggestions lead us before an interrogation mark.

It is a fact that Madame Récamier never bore any children; it is another fact that all her life she declined to entertain any idea of love within as well as without the bonds of marriage. And it is true

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also that at first sight she was the very person from whom one could not expect that she would resist all her life the natural appeal of love, besieged as she was by adorers; true again that there is on hand more testimony than necessary to show that she was not altogether happy in spite of her great worldly successes. It is therefore the opinion of many people that there really was a *cas de Juliette;* the explanation seems to be the only one that fully meets all requirements.

There are, of course, those who indignantly refuse to consider such an idea—as if the supporters of the theory had ever thought of making Madame Récamier responsible for it. Their two most valuable arguments are the following:

Madame de Staël, the intimate friend, would no doubt have known the truth. But how do we know that Madame de Staël did not know? There are reasons to believe, we are told, that she favoured the idea of the marriage of her friend with the Prince of Prussia. Nothing yet is absolutely certain. Moreover, one may not be altogether convinced by the argument that since Madame de Staël did not know, the supposition must necessarily be false. Would a woman trust a secret of that kind to another woman, even to her best friend? Some may think not.

The second reason produced by those who fight the theory is that Madame Récamier did love; she had even signed a paper to the effect that she would sue for divorce and marry the Prince of Prussia. This happened in Coppet. But for one thing the fact that she went through the ordeal of writing this extraordinary document (the text of which will be found in Mr. Herriot's book) shows that it was no easy matter to obtain a consent from her. Moreover, the thing must have been done in a moment when she was not her own mistress, for we have no right to ignore the second part of the story, which plainly disproves what the first was supposed to have proved. As soon as Madame Récamier was back in Paris and had regained her self-control, she set to work at once to undo what she had done in signing the paper. She paid dearly for the few hours of bliss; she suffered months of torture and remorse at the idea of breaking such a solemn promise. And yet she did it. Let us add that Mr. Récamier, though speaking mysterious words of warning (see one of his letters in Mr. Herriot's book), did not absolutely refuse to part with her by divorce.

We cannot know anything with certainty. On the one hand the theory can never be proved; on the other hand we have nothing that would make it untenable.

The only thing that might be tried would be to offer another hypothesis, which would account for the facts just as well, and thus render the first unnecessary—but still not impossible.

One course which might perhaps be acceptable would be to account for Madame Récamier's whole life in the same way as we have explained the episode of the friendship with Madame de Staël—namely, by a very clever and diplomatic arrangement of her life devoted to one unique end, steadfastly kept in mind through all her long career.

Some women make happiness their one desire, some the ambition to shine; seldom does one try to combine both, for seldom are circumstances favourable for both. When Juliette saw her fate tied to that of Récamier, and when she was no longer a mere girl of fifteen, she must have reflected a good deal with regard to what she was going to do with her life. The exciting and glorious time under the Directoire, when she went from feast to feast as one of the three Graces, was a period of transition which she knew could not last. Yet she could very well realise then that her beauty and her charm were treasures which were not to be despised in this world. Was she to waste this power in binding her destiny to that of one man? That was the question. Was she sure of getting happiness in marriage, anyway? If, on the other hand, she wished to try to rise to fame, she knew that she was in an exceptionally favourable position to realise this dream of domination which lies at the bottom of every woman's heart. Without considering the gifts of nature, the circumstances of her marriage were such that they led to a merely formal union; she was to enjoy a freedom of action which few women—at that time—could expect. She was to have all the advantages of

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marriage, fortune, social position, etc., without having any obligation. Thus she made up her mind to regard only social consideration, giving up love and problematic happiness; and with a determination that one cannot but admire, acted accordingly. She accepted all tributes to her beauty and charm, but adopted the inflexible rule of never offering any hope. As she was thoroughly good-hearted, she did all she could to guild her chains, and succeeded in this hard task marvellously well. But one cannot wonder that she was seriously accused of being coquettish.

As long as she stayed in Paris, surrounded day after day by a crowd of admirers, she never faltered and bore well her self-chosen destiny; only once, when she was in Coppet, in a *cercle intime,* did she know the sweetness of intimacy, and came near yielding to temptation; her adventure with the Prince of Prussia has been mentioned before. She conquered herself the day she was back in Paris again.

If our supposition is correct, if there is no other secret in the *case*—and a good many things would be found in Mr. Herriot's book to support this view—let us not blame her for it. Surely she contributed more to general happiness in that way than she would have done in accepting one love; and perhaps she knew that she could achieve the task.

This, we have admitted before, does not remove all the possibilities of another interpretation. The problem remains: Did she choose as she did by preference, or prompted by some other reason? In the first case she deserves our admiration perhaps more for her cleverness than for her kindness; in the second case she deserves our sympathy.

Albert Schinz.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

HELPS TO THE READING OF CLASSICAL LATIN POETRY. By Leon Josiah Richardson. New York: Ginn and Company.

This little book is intended by the author for students of classical Roman poetry, especially that of Vergil and of Ovid. In all probability it contains rather more than the average student, or perhaps even the exceptional student, if he be an undergraduate, will take the time to read with care. On the other hand, one who is more advanced will scarcely find here anything that is new to him. The substance of the book is derived substantially from the Latin grammars which are now most in use; as, indeed, the author himself declares in his preface. Some of the illustrative material is, however, well selected; and the first twenty pages or so may be read by any one with interest and pleasure.

What one misses here is a discussion of the moot question as to whether the Latin hexameter should be read with an appreciable stress-accent, or whether it should be viewed as wholly stressless. To be sure, Dr. Richardson (page 61) uses the term *ictus* as distinct from word-accent, and quotes the well-known elegiac couplet of Tennyson "with a view of illustrating more accurately the relations" of the two. But Tennyson was no believer in *ictus,* at which he scoffed; and the couplet in question, like one or two other metrical experiments of the same sort, was composed to emphasise what he regarded as the absurdity of a clash between verse-accent and word-accent. Dr. Richardson refrains from committing himself to an opinion on this subject; so that one is unable to say whether or not he follows Professor Bennett's lead in eliminating any such thing as *ictus,* at least from the Latin poetry of the Augustan Age. The controversy, begun some years ago between Professor Bennett on the one side and Professors Hendrickson and Hale on the other, has reached the point rather of a truce than of a definitive settlement; so that the case is still *sub iudice.* The principal reason for this state of affairs lies in the fact that not one of the combatants has thoroughly and systematically made use of the abundant evidence to be derived from an understanding of the accentual phenomena of the Romance languages.

H. T. P.

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

American Book Company:

Little Stories of Germany. By Maude Barrows Dutton.

Another book in the Eclectic Reading Series, giving a connected story of Germany by the means of a number of short sketches describing each important event as it took place.

D. Appleton and Company:

Truthful Jane. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

The adventures of a young and pretty English girl of good family but no money. Jane lives with her uncle and aunt and acts as nursery governess for their children. Her aunt treats her with great unkindness, as do the rest of the family, with the exception of her uncle and the servants. A local celebrity, attracted by her beauty and sweetness, proposes to her, but Jane refuses him as a husband, though she naively tells him, "I'd like you awfully well for a—grandfather." At last her life with her relatives becomes so unbearable that she answers an advertisement and engages herself as companion to a mysterious lady who is going to America. The "lady" turns out to be a very clever smuggler and Jane narrowly escapes arrest on the American shore. Here she searches for a long time vainly for employment, and at last in despair accepts the position of housemaid in the family of a typical young American couple. Her fruitless interview with the celebrity, who has followed her to America, her troubles with the irascible Irish cook, the false accusation of theft made against her, and finally the happy solution of all her difficulties by the advent of a mysterious but very welcome fortune, and her marriage to the handsome brother of her ex-mistress, are graphically described in these pages.

The Cage. By Charlotte Teller.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Mythology of Greece and Rome.

A treatise on Mythology divided into two parts. The first part deals with "The Myths of the Gods," and the second part with "The Myths of the Heroes." Some of the questions dealt with are: What is a Myth? What is the relation of the Myth to other forms of social expression? How are classical Myths to be studied?

A. S. Barnes and Company:

A Short History of Social Life in England. By M. B. Synge.

This is a sketch in detail of the social life of the English-speaking people from "The Speechless Past" to the present day. "It presents a brief glimpse of their houses, their food, clothes, manners, punishments, of their wives and children, of their gardens, their education, with some account of the social changes that have taken place throughout the ages."

Bowdoin College Library:

Origin and Growth of the Languages of Southern Europe and of Their Literature. An Inaugural Address. By Henry Wordsworth Longfellow.

This address was delivered by Longfellow on the occasion of his induction into the office of Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College. The original manuscript of his address was presented to the library of Bowdoin College by his brother, and it was so free from errors that it is now published as an exact copy of the address intended for his eye alone.

The Broadway Publishing Company:

Predecessors of Cleopatra. By Leigh North.

A short history of the lives of those women who long ago reigned as Queens of Egypt. Illustrated by five drawings.

Catholic Foreign Mission Bureau:

Thoughts from Modern Martyrs. Edited and arranged by James Anthony Walsh.

Dedicated "To the hallowed memory of the three martyrs whose pure souls are partially revealed in these sentences; and to the three worthy brothers who await in patient exile the great reunion with their illustrious kinsmen."

The Century Company:

East of Suez. By Frederic Courtland Penfield.

Mr. Penfield in his *East of Suez* does for Suez what he did for Egypt in *Present Day Egypt*. He describes the East in all its fascination and allurement, and carries the reader with him to the Ceylon Hill country, Bombay, Jeypore, Benares, Canton, and Macao.

American Legislatures and Legislative Measures. By Paul S. Reinsch.

This volume is intended to show how the "law-making bodies—State and Federal—in the United States are organised and operated." It contains ten

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chapters under the titles of The Congress of the United States, The House of Representatives, The Senate, The State Legislatures, Legislative Committees, Procedure in State Legislatures, Legislative Apportionments and Elections, The Perversion of Legislauve Action, Public Forces Influencing Legislative Action, and The Legislative Product.

The Collector and Art Critic Company:

Whistler Notes and Foot-Notes and Other Memoranda. By A. E. G.

In the preface this volume is introduced to the public by the quotation, "This book was written for one sole reason—because the subject amused us." Some of these studies have appeared previously in various art magazines and reviews.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Beat It. By Hugh McHugh.

This is the last book from the author of the "John Henry" books.

Seth Jones of New Hampshire. By Edward S. Ellis.

A reprint of the story that was published fifty years ago as a dime novel. It is presented now in a revised and rewritten form.

The Range Dwellers. By B. M. Bower.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Hilma. By William Tillinghast Eldridge. Cover in colours by Harrison Fisher. Illustrated by Martin Justice. $1.50.

In this story, which opens with a mystery in a Pullman car, events follow each other in exciting and rapid succession. Among the characters are the heroine, a Royal princess, the hero, a young American, and an interesting group of diplomats.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

This Labyrinthine Life. By George Alexander Fischer.

A story of the Arizona desert, of which the author says in his foreword: "We have as yet no conception of the importance of the desert from the point of view of health. We know to some extent what it means to the tuberculous, but it means still more to the overworked, the unhappy, those on the verge of nervous prostration, professional men after a particularly hard siege—those who in any manner have drawn too heavily on their nerve force. It is the place where even in a short sojourn one grows younger, given favouring conditions."

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Friday the Thirteenth. By Thomas W. Lawson.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Issue. By Edward Noble. $1.50.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

My Life as an Indian. By J. W. Schultz. $1.50.

The story of a young man who at the age of twenty goes to Montana Territory in search of wild life and adventure. With the Piegan Blackfeet he finds both and with them he casts his lot for many years. He marries one of their number, and around her the interest of the story centres. Other characters concerned are warriors, medicine men, trappers, and a rich young man from the East who comes West, to forget a "secret sorrow," and apparently does so successfully by marrying a beautiful young Indian girl. Various humorous stories are told throughout the volume, and the years of famine are described in detail.

Duffield and Company:

The Spirit of Labour. By Hutchins Hapgood. $1.50.

This story deals with the life of a Chicago labour leader and shows a new aspect of the never-ceasing struggle between labour and capital. It is in the same line as *The Autobiography of a Thief,* which Mr. Hapgood wrote some time ago.

Success in Life. By Emil Reich. $1.50.

This volume is intended to act as a complement of the author's previous studies on History and Philosophy. It is intended as a help to people in all walks of life, and the advice given is the result of concrete experience, not merely abstract thinking.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. By Mrs. de la Pasteur.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Eaton and Mains:

Ithuriel's Spear. By W. H. Fitchett, LL.D.

This is a controversial novel with some of its scenes laid in South Africa during the Boer War.

Modern Poets and Christian Teaching. Tennyson. By William Emory Smyser.

The purpose of this volume is to present those poems by Tennyson which express the principal doctrines of his faith. The titles of the chapters are: Tennyson and the Religious Movements of His Time, "In Memoriam"; The Record of a Spiritual Struggle, The

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Answer to Materialism, Of the Ethical and Social Bearings of Tennyson's Philosophy, The Spiritual Symbolism of the "Idylls of the King," The Last Poems of Faith.

Paul Elder and Company:

Sonnets from the Trophies of José-Maria de Heredia. Rendered into English by Edward Robeson Taylor.

This is the fourth edition and is limited to three hundred copies. It is revised and contains more notes than the previous editions. Two poems written by the translator are included in this volume.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

A Sealed Book. By Alice Livingstone.

Captured. The Story of Sandy Ray. By General Charles King.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Psychic Riddle. By I. D. Funk.

In this volume psychic suggestions are dealt with, illustrated by exciting experiences. The appendices contain Mrs. Emily S. French's Deafness, Colonel J. S. Dryden's Bewildering Experience, Professor Hyslop's "Seems to Identify a Spirit," Professor Sombroso's Conversion to Spiritualism, Camille Flammarion's Denial.

The Will to be Well. By Charles Brodie Patterson. $1.20.

"In the mind of man there is the dawning of a new and vital fact that the authority of law is resident in his life; that health, strength, and happiness, as conditions of mind and body, must be made manifest through conscious effort on his part by the use of spiritual qualities and mind-faculties; that through the indwelling spirit his mind must be quickened and renewed, and his body strengthened and made whole. In this, the fifth presentation of this work, the author has, in the addition of four new chapters, given his latest thought on the all-important subject of mental and physical health."

Harper Brothers:

Christian Science. By Mark Twain. $1.75.

This is intended to be an answer to the general public on the question of Christian Science, and is the result of many years of careful study and investigation. The subject is dealt with in a serious light, enlivened now and then by a touch of humour.

Amerigo Vespucci. By Frederick A. Ober.

A biography written in narrative style, showing Amerigo Vespucci "sailing across strange seas, discovering strange lands, and fighting with strange tribes."

Sampson Rock of Wall Street. By Edwin Lefèvre. $1.50.

To be reviewed later.

The American Scene. By Henry James.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

The Messiah Idea in Jewish History. By Julius H. Greenstone, Ph.D.

The Jewish idea of the Messiah is traced from its earliest origins to the present time. It shows the effect it had over the lives and habits of the Jews, the influence it exerted over every historical period with which it came in contact.

The Knickerbocker Press:

The Critics versus Shakespeare. A Brief for the Defendant. By Francis A. Smith.

Henry Holt and Company:

Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. Extracted from his letters and diaries, with reminiscences of his conversation by his friend, Christopher Carr, of the same college. By Arthur Christopher Benson.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Service Book of the Holy Orthodox-Catholic Apostolic (Græco-Russian) Church. Compiled, translated and arranged by Isabel Florence Hapgood. $4.00 net.

This Service Book is intended to minister to the wants of those parishes of the Eastern Church whose members have emigrated to America and whose children have difficulty in learning the language of their parents. In the preface Miss Hapgood explains something about Eastern ecclesiastical symbolism and the symbolic meaning of the lights, which have such a prominent place in the services of the Church.

John Lane and Company:

In My Lady's Garden. By Katrina Trask.

This has appeared previously in *The Atlantic Monthly*, and is a short story told in the form of a diary.

Legal Literature Company:

Frailties of the Jury. By Henry S. Wilcox.

This volume discusses the twelve administrators of law, and has chapters that deal with "Perception, Honesty, Memory, Bias," and "Bench, Bar, and Jury."

J. B. Lippincott and Company:

German Religious Life in Colonial Times. By Lucy Forney Bittenger.

A history of the religious life among the Germans in the Colonial Era, deal-

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ing with the different sects collectively rather than separately. The subject is treated under the headings of "The Separatists," "The Church People," "The Moravians," "The Methodists," and "The German Churches during the Revolution."

The Macmillan Company:

Principles of Secondary Education. By Charles de Garmo.

It is intended to set forth in this volume that secondary schools do not at the present time bear the close relation to after life that it is possible for them to do. "It discusses the best combinations of studies and the way to combine education for insight, with training for efficiency."

The Kinsman. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.

Reviewed in the March number.

Freedom in the Church. By Alexander V. G. Allen. $1.50 net.

This treatise is a protest against the modern tendency to change the perspective of the Christian faith by throwing certain doctrines into prominence. Among his chapters are "The Vows of the Clergy," "Clerical Honesty," "Interpretation of the Virgin-birth in the Ancient Church," and "Change in the Doctrine of the Incarnation at the Reformation."

Newer Ideals of Peace. By Jane Addams. $1.25.

Parts of two chapters of this book have appeared in the *North American Review* and *American Journal of Sociology,* and are comprised of sketches showing "the gradual development in moral substitutes for war in the industrial quarter of a cosmopolitan city where the morality exhibits marked social and international aspects."

Elementary English Composition. By Tuley Francis Huntingdon, A.M. 50 cents.

This volume is for use in the highest of the grammar-school grades and the lowest of the high school, and is designed to pave the way of the student for *Elements of English Composition,* by the same author.

Labour and Capital. By Goldwin Smith.

This letter appeared some time ago under the title of *Progress and Revolution.* In view of recent events it is now published in an amplified form.

Before Adam. By Jack London.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Her Majesty's Rebels. By S. R. Lysaght.

This novel furnishes an interesting struggle between love and politics in the mind of a man who is already a successful politician.

Psychology of Religious Belief. By James Bissett Pratt, Ph.D. $1.50.

The history of religious belief treated from the psychological standpoint, using the results of anthology and the history of religion. It is written in such a manner as will make it interesting not only to the technical but the general reader. *The Elements of Psychic Life* and *Types of Belief in Mature Life* have previously appeared in the *Psychological Review* and the *American Journal of Religious Psychology and Education.*

Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales. Edited for school use by Robert H. Beggs.

Educational. This book is intended for the use of pupils in the lower grammar grades.

Marshall, Jones Company:

The Four Gospels Harmonized and Translated. By Count Levi N. Tolstoy. Translated from the original Russian and edited by Leo Wiener.

McAuliffe and Booth:

A Letter of Advice to a Young Gentleman. With Introduction and Notes by Frank C. Erb.

Mount Tom Press:

The Voice of the Machines. By Gerald Stanley Lee.

This is called an introduction to the twentieth century, and contains "The Men Behind the Machines," "The Language of the Machines," "The Machines as Poets," and "The Ideas Behind the Machines."

The Outing Publishing Company:

A Break in Training. By Arthur Ruhl. $1.25.

A series of tales of progress and conquest in American school and college athletics. They are as follows: "A Break in Training," "Between the Acts," "His First Race," "The Quitter," "Left Behind," "Wings of Clay," "With the Hounds," and "The Men They Used to Be." It is illustrated by a frontispiece in colour by Howard Chandler Christy.

The Book of Camping and Woodcraft. By Horace Kephart. $1.50.

If you are contemplating taking a camping trip, this book tells you what to take and how to use it. "A guide to life in the open."

The White Darkness. By Laurence Mott.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

L. C. Page and Company:

Prisoners of Fortune. A Tale of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. By Ruel Perley Smith.

Reviewed in the March number.

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William D. Page:

In the Path of the Alphabet. By Frances D. Germain.

This is a history of the alphabet from its earliest beginnings to the present time. The author was helped in the work by leading archæologists, who at the time were carrying on extensive researches in Egypt.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Works of Mrs. Gaskell in Eight Volumes, with a General Biographical Introduction and a Critical Introduction to each Volume. By Dr. A. W. Wood.

This is the Knutsford edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works, which consist of *Mary Barton, Cranford, Ruth, North and South, My Lady Ludlow, Sylvia's Lovers, Cousin Phillis,* and *Wives and Daughters.*

A Draught of the Blue. Translated from the original MSS.

Reviewed in the March number.

Saalfield Publishing Company:

"Says Mr. Devery." By Percy Lindon-Howard.

In his introduction the author says that it is decidedly not a novel, the advantage of which is, he says, "that you can read it backwards or forwards or you can begin in the middle. Mr. Devery in one place defines the difference between a banker and a bandit as "one is authorised by law." "Woman's Rights and Wrongs," "The Divine Art of Loafing," "Some Dinners I have Met," and "Breach of Promise Ladies" are among some of the chapters of the book.

Norroy, Diplomatic Agent. By George Bronson Howard.

These stories concern the achievements of a young man of unusual adroitness and almost superhuman insight and nerve. It is shown in the first tale how without his machinations the new Republic of Panama could not have been born. In another place he is pitted against a very beautiful woman, who is trying to steal the plans of the defence of New York for England, then he gets into entanglements with Japan, from which he extricates himself by skilful manœuvring. Finally, as a friend of the Chief Executive, he discovers the source of the work in the State Department, and does it proficiently and thoroughly.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Peer Gynt. By Henrik Ibsen. With Introduction by William Archer.

The fourth book in a series of the collected works of Henrik Ibsen, which are copyrighted in eleven volumes.

American Liberal Education. By Andrew Fleming West.

The underlying principle of these papers is that the "American college is the one thing in our higher education most worth maintaining." They are classified as "The Tutorial System in College," "The Changing Conception of the 'Faculty' in American Universities," "True and False Standards of Graduate Work," "The Present Peril to Liberal Education," "The Length of the College Course," and "The American College."

The Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Dust of Conflict. By Harold Bindloss.

The scene of this story is laid in that period preceding our war with Spain. The hero, a man of good connections socially, is wrecked on the coast of Cuba. With some of his companions he is forced to join the Sin Verguenza. The oath of allegiance to this association gets him into trouble later when he falls in with the Loyalists. By the sinking of the battleship *Maine* he is thrown again with the Insurgents. The love theme in the story is one of self-sacrifice and atonement.

The Young Churchman Company:

Via Crucis. Lesson of Holy Week. By Canon Tolmon.

Many of these meditations were written in Jerusalem, where Christ is supposed to have lived and died. Canon Tolman has followed Holtzmann (Leben Jesu) and his historical setting where the order of events of this week are disputed.

The Work of the Holy Spirit. By Rev. A. C. A. Hall.

The sermons were delivered during the Lent of 1906, and consist of "The Temple of God," "The Living Water," "The Fire of God," "The Breath of God," "The Finger of God," and "The Unction from the Holy One."

The Voice of My Prayer. Short Meditations for Sundays and Holy Days. By Shirley C. Hughson.

Western Literary Press:

Orpheus To-day. Saint Francis of the Trees, and Other Verse. By William Norman Guthrie.

These are divided into groups of "Orpheus of To-day," "The Dewdrops," "Sewanee," "Lyrics and Kindred Verse," "The Book of Symbolic Odes," "Love's Dawn," "Love's Sunrise," "A Vision of New Hellas," "Translation from Leopardi and Goethe."

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Captain of Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Peer Gynt. Ibsen. (Scribner.) $1.00.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50 .
5. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Sovereign Remedy. Steele. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Running Water. Mason. (Century.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Before Adam. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. The Squaw Man. Faversham. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Off the Rocks. Grenfell. (Sunday School Times.) $1.00.
5. Sampson Rock of Wall Street. Lefèvre. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners. Cholmondely. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
2. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Perfect Tribute. Andrew. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
6. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Henry Holt & Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Lion and the Mouse. Klein-Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Viper of Milan. Bowen. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Henry Holt & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
6. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Balance of Power. Goodrich. (Outing.) $1.50.
4. Trusia. Brinton. (Jacobs.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners. Cholmondely. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lion and the Mouse. Klein-Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
5. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
5. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS. MINN.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
5. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Lion and the Mouse. Klein-Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
5. Pigs is Pigs. Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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2. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
5. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
6. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Dragon Painter. Fenollosa. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Dust of Conflict. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Breath of the Runners. Mears. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Doubloons. Phillpotts. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Peer Gynt. Ibsen. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. The Dust of Conflict. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. McDonald of Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Captain of the Kansas. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
3. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
4. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. My Life as an Indian. Schultz. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Dust of Conflict. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Henry Holt & Co.) $1.50.

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4. Conniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
6. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd,Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Pigs is Pigs. Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50 cents.
6. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on	any	list receives	10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	282
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	135
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell) $1.50	128
4. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50	112
5. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	84
6. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50	76

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HAROLD MAC GRATH
Author of *Half a Rogue*, one of the Six Best Selling Books

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THE LATE THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

(See article, page 236)

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